

TOC H JOURNAL

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1934.

THIS MONEY BUSINESS, by W. J. Musters	354
THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, by Hubert Secretan	358
MAKING A LOCAL SURVEY, by Val Bell	361
MULTUM IN PARVO	362
THOROBOROUGH SEES IT THROUGH, by 'Barnaby'	363
IN THE STEPS OF ST. FRANCIS	366
THE TENTH STAFF CONFERENCE	369
THE ELDER BRETHREN: George Peacock, C. L. Haldane, W. Lamyman, A. Kenning	372
THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT	373
TERCENTENARY AT OBERAMMERGAU	374
TOC H TRAVELLERS' TALES: With 'Regron' in Australia—IV	383
With Tubby in South Africa—IV	385
THE OPEN HUSTINGS: 'Moral' Revolution—Leonard Browne; Ugliness in Toc H—G. M. Tanner; Toc H, Cambridge— Colin Marr and Fred Welbourn	391
THE FAMILY CHRONICLE—from Australia, Canada, Shanghai, South Wales, South Western Area	393

PLATES.

XXXI HOPE FOR THE LEPER	facing p. 368
XXXII THE STAFF CONFERENCE	" 369
XXXIII ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!	" 384
XXXIV THE SOUTH AFRICAN COUNCIL	" 385

SUPPLEMENT.

List of Houses, Branches and Groups	i-xvi
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"THIS MONEY BUSINESS"

The Registrar, in response to requests, puts into the form of an article the substance of his talk at the Staff Conference in September. (See page 369).

DURING recent months many articles on Toc H finance have appeared in the JOURNAL and in all probability everything that can be written on the subject has been written and published from time to time. Unfortunately, what has been written has not been felt, and until it has been felt, it is probable that Toc H finance will continue to be a standard item in the JOURNAL.

It is curious that even in these days, there is a tendency in Toc H to regard the financial issues as being quite distinct from, and having no bearing upon, the rest of the Movement. Even the best of members appear to be surprised when told that Toc H finance is an essential part of the Movement, just as much as comradeship, service and belief in God. Yet, if the Membership as a whole would only think a little more about the problem, they would realise, without difficulty, that in everything else, whether it relates to their family affairs, the life of their parish, city, country or the whole world, finance is an essential part; we all, in our respective spheres, have to treat it as a part of our lives. Yet, when we come to Toc H, we talk finance as an after-thought and usually with apologies for having the temerity to mention it at all.

'Practical Idealism'

We must learn to realise that although we believe that Toc H is just 'that something different' that we are looking for, there are certain fundamental things which, as a Movement, it cannot ignore. Although Toc H is a very great ideal, it must be practical if it is to last, as we hope, for all time. Practical idealism is often regarded as a contradictory term, but only because so many idealists think that they must be impractical in order to be idealists at all. Being the first member of the staff to work for Toc H in this country, I am in a position to know that the present tendency towards Toc H finance is really the result of an early mistake. Immediately after the War we were too much inclined when thinking of the foundation membership of Toc H (that is, the membership which formed the nucleus of the present Toc H) to think of the old Army shilling-a-day standard of pay, with the result that it did not occur to anybody that the membership might have a financial obligation to Toc H other than the payment of a nominal subscription; this, in spite of the fact that the War period was the time when most of us first learned to give money as well as service. Even in those shilling-a-day times, men allotted a portion of their pay to relatives. It is true that some of them had to, but an extraordinarily large number had no compulsion whatever, yet did so. Many of those who were compelled by regulations to make allotments, made a point of giving more than the minimum required.

In the early days of Toc H the main idea of the membership appeared to be the passing on of war-time comradeship to the younger generation and, as a secondary aim, possibly to do jobs of social service. The provision of money for Toc H was no concern of any member; and by Toc H in this case, I mean the responsibility for the greater thing, not just the general costs of a local unit such as running expenses, coffee and buns and such-like things. That type of expenditure cannot

seriously be regarded as expenditure on spreading Toc H in the real sense of the word. Finance was considered—and very often still is considered—to be the business of the wealthy with charitable tendencies. The fact that ex-Private Jones should have been taught to give his twopence per week for the establishment and development of Toc H all over the world and that those coppers were of as great a value as any wealthy individual's gold, seems to have been completely overlooked. From a material point of view, there is, of course, a difference, but we are also concerned with the spiritual side of things, even in Toc H finance. Having made these early mistakes, we should benefit by them and now get on the right lines as quickly as possible. It is the job of us all (I assume that we belong to Toc H because we love and believe in it) to build it and to leave it a better and greater thing than it was when we first came into it. We can strive to do that without becoming smug, but it is obvious that we cannot succeed unless we recognise our financial obligations towards the movement. Every existing member must learn to recognise this fact and the members of the staff and district and unit officers must treat it as part and parcel with all the other obligations which must be introduced to the newest probationer immediately and without apologies. If the probationer is frightened off by such obligations he is obviously not yet the man for Toc H because he does not know how to give. Failure to introduce the financial obligations to a probationer leave him with a legitimate grouse when it is explained to him later, because he has not been told the whole story. We must not assume that the man interested in Toc H automatically knows at the very beginning that it must cost him more than a nominal subscription and the running expenses of his unit. He must be told that one of his jobs is to help to spread Toc H, not only in his own town or village but outside as well. He can do a lot towards the former by comradeship and service but he can really only help to accomplish the latter by giving a proportion of his income. In the teaching of this thing, we must remember that it appears to be natural to most men to be slow in paying money, especially for things which are not visible to the eye. It is unfortunate—but true—that usually the last part of a man to be converted is his pocket! Toc H must wholly convert men. At present, we have only succeeded in partially converting the greater percentage of the membership. If the problem is tackled with sincerity, it can be comparatively easy to make even the most selfish of men see the value of Toc H to the world and to themselves, even though it is 'just another of those ideals.'

I know that many will at first fail to understand why they should give some proportion of their income to build Toc H, especially as the greater part of the money given is expended on staff who have been selected as leaders to spread this ideal. It must be realised, however, that Toc H will not be spread completely and perfectly unless it has an adequate whole-time staff. As personalities undoubtedly enter into this problem, it eases matters considerably when it is seen that the average member of the staff is performing his job efficiently and well. It will be generally agreed that the staff as a whole is beginning to get very close to this standard.

The Right Method of Education

The right method of dealing with the financial education of the membership of Toc H is already in operation in many Areas and should be extended not only over the whole of Toc H at home but overseas as well. It is realised that it is

impossible, even if it were advisable, for the staff to attend all units to talk on this money problem. It is embarrassing to be placed in the position of "singing for your supper"! Therefore, the staff sets out to train selected leaders as District Officers, making sure that the training includes "this money business." Each District will eventually have a financial leader who will be known as the District Bursar and who will be, among other things, the leader of the unit Treasurers in his District. It is not strictly necessary for the District Bursar to be an Accountant, Banker or any other type of business man specialising in finance. The same, of course, applies to the unit Treasurers. Good book-keeping is a consideration but not the only one. In other words, the financial leaders in Toc H, from the Hon. Treasurer of the Corporation to the unit Treasurers, must not be merely book-keepers and expert "dunners"; nor indeed must they just sit back and wait for money to come. I am afraid that in the best of worlds this will never happen—or at least, it will not happen in our time. The District Bursar must keep in touch with his unit Treasurers and help them to teach constantly the whole meaning of Toc H with a little extra stress on Finance. The great point in this part of the financial problem is that it is not merely a question of a member helping to support his own unit with the remote possibility of something being left over for the Area. Toc H, as well as being God's show, is also the member's show and it is the member's privilege to pay for it, as previously stated, not only in his own unit and Area but outside as well. This, on the face of it, appears to be a colossal undertaking, but it is not nearly so terrifying when it is examined closely. I fancy that only a few members of Toc H realise that if every member at home subscribed threepence per week to his Area or Headquarters funds, it would produce a sum sufficient to pay for the present needs of Toc H at home and, coupled with the Builders' Subscriptions, would enable us to be more practical and systematical in helping with Overseas development. From this it will easily be seen how much could be accomplished if an average of sixpence per week per member were subscribed for this purpose. There are, after all, very few men who could not give something regularly and systematically, and for those who think that even sixpence is rather a lot, I would remind them that it represents, in material terms, nothing more than ten cigarettes a week or about half an ounce of baccy!

It is obvious that this money business in Toc H can only be successfully dealt with if every member, and particularly those who are not too well blessed with this world's goods, will accept the habit of systematically giving in weekly instalments. The Staff, District Officers and unit Treasurers must teach this to the members, both individually and collectively, and if it is tackled in the right spirit and without fear, I am optimistic enough to believe that eventually the days of reminding a member that he is in arrears with his subscription will be past.

Owing money may be a convenient thing to the man who owes it—but think of the man to whom it is owed. It is wrong to take credit, even in voluntary contributions, without so much as "by your leave" from the show to which they are promised. We only really begin to become fairminded when we learn to pay our just dues at the right time. This fact makes it necessary for me to point out the general slackness in the payment of Capitation Fees by units to Headquarters and the last-minute rush to pay contributions to Areas. It should be remembered that the

expenses of Toc H have to be met during the course of each financial year and not only during the last month. Therefore, the habit of paying Capitation Fees in January is a good one to adopt and if Area Contributions are remitted at least four times a year, those who have to bear the brunt of the financial worries in Toc H will meet with some relief.

The true value of Toc H Builders

There are, of course, other means of raising money for Toc H besides the gifts of members, and the principal of these is the Toc H Builders' Scheme. This Scheme is intended for men and women who are interested in Toc H but who are not able to take an active part in it. I am afraid that many units have looked upon Builders as merely a means of raising money and have, therefore, developed the habit of touting for Builders. If we tout, we may get a guinea or two but most likely it will only be given for the sake of getting rid of us. It is true that we get the guinea or two, but it is given with the wrong motive and that is not sufficient. If a Builder is recruited in the right way, he or she gives with the true spirit because the interest in Toc H is there. The giver gets to know about Toc H and talks about it and in the so doing is spreading a knowledge of Toc H and, incidentally, developing the right ideas in other people. Units should work on the principle of introducing the Builders' Scheme to selected people, not merely because they possess money, but because they are likely to be interested in a movement like Toc H.

We must also bear in mind the fact that we cannot reasonably expect people who are interested in Toc H, but not in it as members, to help us to finance the movement for ever and a day unless we can show them that the membership as a whole is taking a very much greater share in shouldering the burden than it is at present. It is not sufficient for us to do jobs, however good they may be, and to expect others to foot the bill. I have previously stated how little "footing the bill" really means when it is reduced to an average weekly basis, but I do not intend that the ease with which this could be accomplished should be used as an inducement to members to share their material possessions with such things as Churches, Chapels, Hospitals, Toc H, etc.; it so happens that it is their duty to do so.

Fair-Thinking and Far-Thinking

We at home, who have had opportunities of realising the great benefits of Toc H, must make it our business to see that the movement is made an international one and not merely a parochial or even a national affair. We must help Toc H Overseas and we can best do this by making our Home Areas self-supporting in the first place. If the Overseas part of the movement can be developed on the right lines now by the provision of experienced staff, it will have a greater opportunity of learning to become self-supporting and will do so in a very much shorter period of years than we are taking at home.

This article will doubtless once again raise the cry that Toc H is becoming too expensive for the ordinary man in the street but that accusation is really untrue; yet, even if it were true, we shall still be bound by the fact that a thing that is worth while is worth paying for, and Toc H is one of the worth-while things in this world.

W. J. M.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

The "Main Theme" of this year's Staff Conference (see page 371) was "Toc H in the Changing World," and the first of three evenings devoted to the subject began with HUBERT SECRETAN's talk, a summary of the main points of which follows.

NANSEN wrote in his diary these words: "When all comes to all, what we call the game of life is just what makes life worth living. Life's enemies are not cares, worries, deprivations and misfortunes. They are its greatest allies. Its enemies are the damp fogs of the spirit, where there are neither shadows nor light." That expresses the state of mind of many people in the world to-day. I believe that Toc H is called of God to meet this situation. But it cannot do so by whipping up surface waves of agitated goodwill. It must plumb the depths. There lies the responsibility of its leaders. Before all else we must try to understand—this damp fog of the spirit.

Till the middle of the 18th century, men lived broadly "in that state of life into which it had pleased God to call them." The Industrial and the French Revolutions between them opened the way to personal advancement. Both were markedly individualistic. The covering philosophy was Utilitarianism, a mechanical conception: let each man collect his own little heap of good and the sum total will be the biggest possible heap of human happiness. Voices were raised in protest that this mechanical view of life was unreal—Mazzini, Carlyle, later Ruskin and Morris—but they were not listened to. Only towards the latter part of the 19th century the results forced a reaction of thought. This was due to three things: firstly, the growth of the social conscience in view of the obvious social evils; secondly, the growth of a working class organisation for self-defence; and thirdly, the spread of education. These two opposed tendencies continued to clash, but the clash was long concealed because men were living in an expanding world. New discoveries, new lands, mitigated the evils of a competitive and acquisitive system. Scope was given for adventure of a kind calculated to bring out the forceful qualities of personality. Similarly, the Copernican revolution in thought brought about by the Darwinian hypothesis was slow to operate practically so that the organic, as against the mechanical, conception of society made little real progress. On top of all this came War. This completely upset the really precarious but outwardly stable balance of society. The world abruptly ceased to expand and a feverish scramble among nations to keep each their own bit of cake set in. The old gods having disclosed their hollowness, everywhere the old pillars—respectability, conventional habits, Bible morality—crumbled. War led to a tremendous widening of horizons by personal divorce from established ways of life, mixture of types, experience of new places. Tortured souls found their comfort in soothing salves of the kind typified by "war to end war" and "homes for heroes." These became erected into ideals, whose quick realisation was expected—without the weary work of laying foundations, and whose failure produced a corresponding degree of cynical scepticism. A revival of religion was expected without the solid work of preparation. The good in it all was mostly potential, the evil rampant and visible.

Let us look at the governing conditions of the world to-day. Mechanism has laid a stranglehold on men's lives in every sphere. Men to-day are running to

mechanism as a way of escape. The strength of Hitlerism and Fascism and Communism lies in the desire to escape disorder. The second of the governing conditions is scientific advance. Already the mechanical sphere has been highly developed, and advance in the biological sphere is striding forward. This is tending to make technically possible the planning and co-ordination of human needs, the provision of necessities and amenities on a scale hitherto undreamt of, together with the diffusion of knowledge and interests which have in the past been the prerogative of a favoured few. It is true there is a technical lag in economic organisation. But much more important is the fact that all this development is morally neutral. Listen to Julian Huxley: "The salient feature of the scientific picture of the universe is its neutrality in face of all the issues, which to us as full human beings are so vital." And again: "Man as scientist can provide practical control of phenomena. It is for man as man to control that control." In short, if this development is really to raise the level of human life, it must be made the servant of the moral consciousness of man.

In this broadly moral sphere the stirrings are immense. It has all the dangers of bottled-up emotion, but if it can be given an outlet, the possibilities are limitless. Here are the factors of main importance. First, there is a wide-spread desire for greater satisfaction from life, due to the spread of knowledge, information about other places and ways of living, publicity of all kinds, greater mobility, higher standards of comfort and amusement. Here comes to mind the wise judgment of Taine, explaining why it was in France that the Revolution came. "The more conditions are ameliorated, the more intolerable they become." This wistful longing is coupled with a vague sense not only that these things ought to be but that they could be if—. Much hangs on the "if." According to the answer given, it may drive to blind revolt against "oppressors," or "wreckers," or a collective game of grab in the interests of nation, class or interest, or a giving up of the fight and despairing acquiescence in the dominating power of the mechanism of life, or a determined effort to co-operate in bringing about this better world. The condition of mind referred to above is strictly pre-moral. It may turn any of these ways according to the infusion into it of a moral stimulus, and the nature of this in its turn depends on what men in the last resort hold to be true about the nature of God and the nature of man.

Secondly, there is an unmistakable increase in the manifestations of kindness between man and man. The desire for friendship and the impulse to serve are as real factors in the present condition of the world as the longing for better things for oneself. They are often spoilt by brooding on the "if" and interpreting it in terms of the wickedness of others, and often attenuated by the lack of driving impulse to bring them to fruition. But they are there none the less.

A third factor, more vague, but potentially important, is to be found in the little ways in which men are showing a growing desire to be real individuals (*cf.* Lindsay: *Christianity and Economics*, p. 80). Considering the regimenting effects of mechanism and mass publicity, the tiny indications that personality will not be stifled in its individual expression are worth clinging to. They represent the germ of the rebirth of the spirit of adventure (*cf.* L. P. Jacks: *The Revolt Against Mechanism*, p. 21). Lastly, there is the tendency of men, more markedly than in any time

since the Middle Ages, to combine into groups, and so set their collective strength and conscious unity of purpose against the power of mechanism and the unthinking ponderous mass of the crowd.

Such is my attempt to analyse the situation. I hope that it covers some of the thoughts we have all been thinking. The world now seems to be at a dead centre. Which way it turns depends on whether direction and energising force can be given to these stirrings of the spirit. The vitality is there, but latent. To stir it to activity, and not merely to activity but to purposive action, requires first of all a rekindling of faith. Men fail because they are sick with themselves, their fellow men and their God. Faith to meet these conditions to-day must be livable. It must not cover up the facts of life or abstract from them in order to escape their implications. I know of no faith capable of supplying the dynamic needed, save that of Jesus of Nazareth. It is easy to stick there and muddle up the true notion that the Gospel is sufficient with the untrue notion that the old expression of it is sufficient. (*cf. A. Sabatier: Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion*, p. 268). We have got to remember that the "old book" is in tune with nature but not with the mechanical artificial life of the city. It is true that ultimately the problems of the town bred are the same. But how can we explain the faith. Young Toc H is demanding a philosophy. We have to satisfy that demand in terms they can understand. Action without thought won't get us through. This is a definite challenge to the staff, not to be organisers only, but men who have read and thought and who can speak their minds as interpreters of the faith. The second thing we need is a grouping of whole men instead of bits of men. (*cf. Julian Huxley's criticism, What dare I think?* p. 171). There Toc H has a unique position and a unique responsibility. It cannot be satisfied only with changing individuals and performing acts of neighbourliness. The constructive urge is abroad. Men ask what we build. On the other hand, Toc H is not the right organ to plan the new world, in a political sense. Its job is to provide men who base their action on a real philosophy, fought out in their own lives, of God's purpose in and through men. This does not mean self-centred individuals. (*cf. MacMurray: Freedom in the Modern World*, p. 205).

Thirdly, we need the growth of Leadership and Followership. The two are correlatives and in some sense each partakes of the nature of the other and is impossible without it. The creation of leadership through followership is the most vital task of the age. (*cf. Ludwig: Leaders of Modern Europe*, p. 12). It is in effect the building up of units of personality of sufficient quality to stimulate ever more and more individuals to be their real selves in the face of the pressure of the mass, mechanical and social, and its tendency to produce anaemia. The group is the sphere of its operation, adventure and risk its *motif*, friendship its method, thought its tonic, service its exercise, love its driving force. These are the challenges to which Toc H must give its answer—first within the family, and secondly outside it. Can it substitute for nature's method of slow adaption to new conditions with infinite loss and suffering to individuals, a re-assertion of control by man, God-led, over himself and his surroundings, in virtue of a dynamic, which, because it is conscious and spiritual, is on a different plane to that of physical nature?

H. A. S.

MAKING A LOCAL SURVEY

Toc H is often told that it is a good thing, if not an essential preparation for any constructive work, to "make a local survey." The phrase often goes unexplained and may leave in the hearer's mind little more than a vague impression of something difficult, requiring the qualifications of an expert. The following notes by VAL BELL (reprinted from the JOURNAL of March, 1926) may well suggest useful activity to some members and units for the season's work now beginning.

TWO methods can be adopted in making a local survey. *The first* is to invite certain prominent local officials to address the Branch or Group. The Medical Officer of Health, the Manager of the Labour Exchange, the Chairman of the Board of Guardians, and other luminaries would certainly be able to give information to Toc H members that would be most valuable. *The second* method is for a Branch or Group to make its own survey of local social conditions by actual exploration. The writer, from experience, can speak of the great value of the latter method. No amount of talking and reading about social conditions can produce a desire to do service like actual contact with those conditions and simple practical surveys lead direct to contact.

It is a good thing to focus the attention of young members on their immediate surroundings at an age when they are beginning to realise that they are members of Society, and if they have been Scouts or Rovers, with their training in observation, they should find the "Making of a Survey" most congenial work.

But how can one start on a Survey? Begin by studying the map of the district. Hang up one in your Headquarters and get to know it upside down. When you feel that you know it sufficiently well, climb up to some eminence, no matter whether church tower, skyscraper, or hill, and survey the land as Moses did of old. We who are always living in crowded streets are apt to have our vision curtailed, and there is always a great joy in gazing at familiar surroundings from a new viewpoint.

An interest in the district having thus been aroused, exploration may begin. Work in ones or twos on a special job and discuss at a Branch or Group meeting your discoveries.

Types of Survey: The following surveys are suggested as useful and edifying to Toc H members:—

- (1) The religious bodies at work in the district with a list of their activities, e.g., Scouts, Girl Guides, C.E.T.S., Adult Clubs, etc., etc. Parish magazines will prove helpful.
- (2) The public houses and their influence. Make a map showing number and position. The attractions should be specially noted, e.g., Broadcasting, Billiard saloons, Club Meetings, etc.
- (3) The places of amusement and their influence. The Theatres, Cinemas, Concert Halls, Whist Drives, etc. The type of entertainment should be noted, especially the cinema.
- (4) The parks and open spaces. If paucity, discuss suggested improvements. If not in good condition, what steps can be taken to approach the responsible authority. Seek for potential playgrounds.

- (5) The work of the Friendly Societies, e.g., Oddfellows, Foresters, Good Templars, Slate Clubs, etc. The meeting places of the various lodges should be carefully noted.
- (6) The Industrial Life of the district. A map should be constructed showing the factories, workshops, work-places, and home-workers premises. A study of the decayed and decaying industries, and the causes for the same, is very valuable and throws much light on local conditions.
- (7) The health of the district. Valuable information can be obtained from the report of the M.O.H. If possible, graphs should be made showing the facts relating to Births, Deaths, Infantile Mortality, Zymotic Diseases, etc. The cause of certain bad spots in the district should be discussed and means of improvement suggested.
- (8) Education in the district. The facilities for Education should be enquired into and sites of schools (public and private) should be mapped. What scope is there for adult education? How far can boys' clubs take advantage of the help offered by the local Education Authority, etc.?
- (9) Unemployment in the district. Study the work of the local Labour Exchange and make graphs showing adult and Juvenile Unemployment over certain periods.

After a start has been made at surveying it is remarkable how other tasks crop up automatically, owing to the direct contact with social conditions.

A survey can be made the more instructive if maps, picture postcards and photographs are collected to illustrate the facts acquired. The chief joy of exploring one's district is the sense of fellowship one gets by meeting and mixing with others in different walks of life, and the question "Who is my neighbour?" is soon answered. Some Branches may feel that their districts are too big to survey as recommended. This difficulty is easily overcome if they start on a single parish or any small area that they like to map out. The work is well worth doing, and members will soon realise the benefit to themselves in finding out what actual jobs are waiting for helpers. A Branch or Group possessing knowledge of its district is never at a loss to know what its job is in that district.

V. B.

MULTUM IN PARVO

¶ Lt.-Col. ERIC BROWN, late 6th Ghurkas, has been appointed Hon. Secretary for questions relating to Toc H and the Services, and all communications on such matters should be addressed to him at 47, Francis Street. Squadron Leader C. F. GORDON will continue to act as Commissioner for the R.A.F.

¶ The Central Executive have approved the appointment by the Argentine Council of Toc H of Canon NOEL A. MARSHALL as Toc H Padre in Buenos Aires. This news will specially interest members who knew him in the Navy, in Calcutta and at Malta.

¶ W. ('BARDIE') OLPHERT, of Toc H New Zealand, who took over the Secretaryship of the Western Area when 'Greeno' went to Australia in January, sailed for New Zealand again in September, leaving many friends behind in this country.

¶ The main celebrations of the Toc H COMING-OF-AGE FESTIVAL (1936) have been provisionally fixed for June 22-28, 1936. It is probable that various Toc H events will be arranged in the week before and after the main Festival week. It is hoped that this announcement will suffice to enable members overseas to start thinking about their plans to visit England.

THOROBOROUGH SEES IT THROUGH

THE town of Thoroborough is situated in one of those regions of central England whose destiny was utterly altered by the discovery of coal. Two centuries ago it was a small market centre for a smiling countryside. To-day the borough boundaries embrace 150,000 people. The prevailing colour is grey, for a century or more of coal dust from the slag heaps and fumes from the factory chimneys have reduced all its buildings, from the 13th century church spire onwards, to the same uniform hue. In the lowest part of the town, near the canal, are still many rows of dilapidated two-storey houses which the slum clearance scheme has not yet touched. Near the old centre of the place are one or two decayed squares of larger houses, now let out floor by floor. Further up the hill solid Victorian villas stand, each in its acre of garden, and the hill-top is crowned by the rather glaring red brick of a new housing estate. Thoroborough's industries have had a hard time in the last ten years. Many factories have long ceased to blacken the atmosphere but have also ceased to give employment. The number of unemployed runs into five figures. Mass production plant has kept the heads of some firms above water, but at the cost of employing boys instead of men to do repetition jobs which leave them stranded and untrained at 18. Such is Thoroborough.

Results of a Survey

It all came about through an attempt on the part of the Toc H Group to make a housing survey. The effort showed them many things they had not known before. For one they discovered that after factory hours the lesser streets were full of boys, killing time in ways at best useless and at worst pernicious. The reason was not far to seek. The housing survey showed that most homes had little room for the boy to spend his leisure, none at all for him to have there companionship with friends of his own age. Further enquiry disclosed that only a small number, having the prospect of a trade to look to, thought it worth while to attend night school. Scout troops, a brigade company, and one or two small clubs attached to churches, accounted for some. The mass remained untouched.

The Group sat late one night considering the problem. The first idea was to start a "Toc H Boys' Club" in the Toc H rooms. Nobody knew very much about what a boys' club should be but there was a hazy idea of a sort of junior phase of Everyman's Club, where open house, friendship and jollity would do the trick. At this stage an ex-army P.T. instructor heaved his bulky frame out of the Group's largest chair and stamped heavily on the floor. The windows shook and two pictures fell down with a crash. "There," said the sergeant, "what boys want is to get up a good sweat and work off their energy. Ping-pong and bagatelle all right to pass an odd half hour. Don't make men. Want gym. and boxing for that. Can't have fit minds without fit bodies. No good in this place." And he looked at the shattered pictures. It was admitted that his argument had weight. A senior member took his pipe out of his mouth. "It seems to me we're thinking on wrong lines. The boys of the town are the town's concern. This needs a community effort. Let Toc H take the initiative by all means, but we shall make a mistake if we try to do the job badly by ourselves because we want to label it Toc H,

instead of roping in all the goodwill there is. The club ought to be a town's club. Everybody ought to be in it. We want premises. One of the big firms might let us have an empty warehouse. Then we've got to equip it. Tables and chairs—one of the furniture stores, an old bath from a builder's yard—if boys are going to sweat they'll want a bath, won't they?—books from private citizens, sports gear from the Grammar School, and so on. Shan't we want a doctor too, and a solicitor, and a bank manager to be treasurer? Seems to me we want Rotary in this, and the blessing of the civic authorities, and to get the idea abroad that this is the town's responsibility and that it's proud of it. We can do some of the donkey work, and we ought to be able to find the man power, at any rate at the start. What about that side, Jobbie?"

Wanted—Knowledge and Time

"Well as I see it," said the jobmaster, "there are two sides to that. One's knowledge, the other's time. From all I've ever read about clubs, they are about the most difficult job you can have with boys, just because there isn't any set of rules to work by. There are principles all right, but you have got to work them out with your boys and that means understanding what you are doing, and knowing enough about boys to be able to lead them. Drive them you can't. We've got lots of good chaps, but none I know who have that kind of experience. The other problem's time. If you are out to fight the atmosphere of the streets, odds of 6 to 1 won't do." "Eh, I don't follow," interjected the sporting member in the check suit. "Why it's this way," said the jobbie. "What you do for a boy on one night a week will be undone on the other six. It seems to me evens is the least you can give him. Three nights a week club, and one leader. That's the difficulty. Boys follow a man, not an office bearer who is different each night they come there. One's a leader, the other looks to them just like a glorified policeman. Now can we find a man or two men—that might do—who can give all that time regularly? It might mean he would have to make up his mind only to come to the Group perhaps once a month. Would that be sound, pilot?"

—and a Team

The pilot's answer was, to some members, rather unexpected. "I can't remember his exact words, but I am sure Tubby has said more than once that if Toc H loses its missionary character it is lost. We can't do without the fellowship, but if the fellowship is going to mean anything to the world, we've surely got to take the risk of sending men out from it to lone jobs, carrying the meaning of that fellowship in their hearts and so spreading it. Of course, it's a sacrifice for the man himself, and the rest of us have got to try to make it up to him by standing behind him in his job, even if we can't shake him by the hand every week. The lamp isn't a bonfire for men to stand round warming themselves. It's meant to shine out into the dark places beyond, and for that someone's got to carry it there." He paused a minute and then went on. "It seems to me that all of us, no, perhaps not all of us but a team of us, ought to settle down to this thing as if we were probationers, learning this particular application of Toc H, as we have learnt its general meaning."

"Why not get the National Association of Boys' Clubs to send a speaker down to give us a talk?" said someone. One or two favoured this idea, but the majority said it wasn't the right way to go to work. The Group must do their own thinking first. When they had explored the possibilities of premises and local support, and a little team had spent a bit of time chewing over the N.A.B.C. pamphlets on the Principles and Aims of Boys' Clubs, the Starting of a Club, and the Small Club, then would be the moment to bring the expert to the Group because they would be ready not to hear him only but to ask him the right sort of questions.

Make Haste Slowly

So it was decided. The "Let's do something at once" school were a bit aggrieved at first, but they soon realized that it was going to take time to lay firm foundations. Six months did not prove too long. By the end of that time quite a lot of things had happened. Premises had been found and civic and senior support secured. Quite a number of members had had hot discussions over the N.A.B.C. pamphlets, visits had been paid to clubs in neighbouring towns, a copy of Basil Henriques' *Club Leadership** was showing obvious signs of having passed through a number of hands. Many were the discussions on leadership, and two members had made up their minds to face the time and strain of the job, and had spent a week-end at a club training course. A problem that had been worrying the Group was also beginning to sort itself out. They had feared that the club leaders would become detached from Toc H. But a study of the N.A.B.C. pamphlets on Club Libraries, Handicrafts, and Drama, had shown ways in which other members, who could only spare one night a week, could carry to the two leaders, week by week, the sense of comradeship and the knowledge that the Group was backing them up.

Then came the moment for the N.A.B.C. speaker. He had a strenuous day in Thoroborough. What with a careful inspection of the proposed club premises and detailed advice about their lay-out, a speech at a town's meeting with the Mayor in the chair, and an evening hammering out details with a now alert and informed Toc H Group, the poor fellow was a tired man by the time he and his host for the night knocked out their last pipes at 2 a.m. But he was contented, for he realized that Thoroborough knew what it was about. He even found that they had set their faces against the temptation to open up with a splash and fill the club from the start, and were ready to build a club as you would build Toc H, by starting with a small group of boys, and when these had become club-minded, taking in others, slowly and steadily.

To-day it is hard to believe that there was a time when Thoroborough had no boys' club. The town is proud of it, the boys are proud of it, and Toc H are all the prouder of it because they do not brag about the club as their creation. They are content to serve it, to face its ups and downs, and its inevitable crises, and they look forward to the day when old boys of the club will add their experience to the strength of the Toc H team.

Where is Thoroborough? Well that is for you to decide. Perhaps it might even be your own town if you were so minded. Who knows?

BARNABY.

* A second edition of *Club Leadership* has just appeared.
(Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d. See JOURNAL review, November, 1933).

IN THE STEPS OF ST. FRANCIS

During the past year there has been almost monthly reference to Leprosy in these pages and readers are well aware of the scheme for helping lepers by the personal service of laymen which Tubby has initiated. The present situation is that seven 'sponsorships' have been raised, each amounting to £1,250, for the training and maintenance, over five years, of six non-medical men, and one doctor in Leper Colonies. Six men (out of 150 volunteers), all members of Toc H, have been chosen and start elementary medical training at Livingstone College, East London, this month. The Government of Nigeria is ready to place four of them now and two later, who will replace men coming on furlough.

Readers will remember that Tubby's great interest in leprosy relief was first roused by his visit to West Africa last year. On his way out to Southern Africa this year he came in touch with the problem again in East Africa on a visit to the new Leper Colony established by Franciscan nuns at Nyenga, in Uganda. At Tubby's request the following article has been contributed to the JOURNAL. It is written by a native helper whose name is Nzi OMV. OKUMABAGENGYE, which means "I am one of those who help to look after lepers." It is here printed as received, with the simplicity and directness of its appeal untouched. We preface it with an extract from a letter to Tubby from MOTHER KEVIN, the Superior of the community. (Nkokonjeru, Lugazi P.O., Uganda, B.E.A.)

DEAR MR. CLAYTON,

During our thirty years of Missionary work in Uganda, our friends and helpers throughout the world have been many and generous. To all these I now turn; to all who have ever heard of us or helped us, to friends and strangers, far and near, rich and poor, indeed to the whole Christian world, I send this message, this urgent appeal for help in the greatest undertaking of our whole lives, the most momentous enterprise in the history of our Franciscan Community in Uganda, that of effectively helping the thousands of poor lepers in the part of the country where we live.

For years the crying needs of these victims of leprosy have been urging us to do something for them, but it was not until July, 1932, that we opened a small Leper Hospital at Nyenga, in order to help, even a little, the great numbers of lepers in the country who were spreading everywhere their terrible disease. Contrary to all expectations, the Hospital was soon filled to its utmost capacity, and now, after two years, it is plainly evident that the Nyenga site is utterly inadequate to supply the great needs of the applicants. The area itself is too small to give the patients the absolutely necessary space for fresh air, recreation, and agricultural activities. At Nyenga we have not space for even 200, whilst we could have at least 2,000 patients. The district round is too thickly populated to allow for extension, and the water supply is wholly insufficient for the needs of a Leper Colony. Seeing the inadequacy, we have applied to the Government for another larger stretch of land, this time nearer to Lake Victoria, and they are doing all they can to find a suitable site, and are giving us every encouragement in this new effort.

The scope of the work is tremendous. As can easily be imagined, many of the cases are brought for treatment only when in the worst stages and incurable. With no joy or hope in their lives these lepers make an irresistible appeal to all who love our Lord and St. Francis, the Poor Man of Assisi. To welcome these poor sufferers, to try to lessen their pains, to put some joy and hope into their lives, was one of the works on which St. Francis spent himself, and set before his children, then, and in the days to come. The utter helplessness of these children of sorrow must arouse pity in all. Confidently, therefore, we appeal for help to everyone to carry on this work of mercy begun by our Lord and St. Francis so many years ago.

The undertaking is full of hope, and from a medical standpoint is extremely satisfactory. . . . Cleanliness and good food and other treatment soon relieve the sufferer to a considerable degree, and little by little a transformation is apparent. Gradually he becomes able to lead a normal life, and it is in order to give him a real opportunity to live this life that we are starting our new Leper Colony.

We are confident that this is God's very own work, and because it is His, it is also that of every Christian.

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

M. M. KEVIN, O.S.F.

"A Look at Some Lepers"

YOU have all heard of "Tubby," many of you know him and most of you have seen him and heard him—certainly heard him for he never stops talking except to light his dirty little pipe. Well, you all know too that he is interested in lepers and thinks Toc H should bear them in mind for a helping hand as so few of them can help themselves.

Now that we have got this straight, it is necessary to explain how he came to Uganda. It was pure luck and one doubts if Tubby had ever heard of Uganda until he got there. Most people never hear of it until they get jobs here, and what really happened was that Tubby got fed up with his trip on the ship to South Africa and got off the boat at Mombasa and asked what country he was in. He was told it was Kenya Colony, but he did not stop there long as he wanted to see what was the next place on the map. It was Uganda and you can see it right in the middle of the map of Central Africa. It's almost entirely a native country and there are nearly 4,000,000 people in it, of whom only 2,000 or so are white people. The natives largely govern themselves and they grow cotton and live on bananas only; Tubby said he liked them as they have nice black shining skins, and all the healthy children nice, black, stuck-out tummies—just like the traditional poisoned pups—but he said he would not care to live on steamed bananas and had never heard of such a thing.

Anyhow Tubby came here, and as soon as he had talked to Toc H he wanted to know if there were any lepers in Uganda and what was done about them. Well, there are some, quite a few—perhaps 15,000—although we only know for certain about 10,000 who have been seen by Government doctors.

Lepers don't do too badly in Uganda because they do not get taxed or ill-used and they get treated free at Government and Mission hospitals. Still, their life is a pretty rotten one. As most of you know, lepers are not born lepers, but children catch it from their parents if they are not taken away to live in a separate house soon after they are born. The people of this country are fond of their children but very ignorant, and it's hard to persuade them that it's a good thing for leper parents to give their children to somebody else—if they can find anyone—to look after. So to help them the various Missions of this country have started leper colonies and the Government helps them with money and drugs, and so does the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, but we have not nearly enough money, since this is a poor country.

However, after a lot of talk—and I think John Graham did not believe it all because he asked so many questions—Tubby said, "All right! Show me some of

your lepers. I believe in deeds, not words, and if I can see a place where these unfortunates are being properly looked after and made happy I will try and see if any of the Toc H people feel like helping."

So off they were taken on a Sunday afternoon, Tubby and John Graham, and they drove about fifty miles, and it was very hot and dusty, and Tubby snored most of the way and nearly burnt his trousers when his pipe fell on to them, and then said, "Of course I was awake and I always think best when I close my eyes and I was thinking very hard when I dropped my pipe. . . ."

Eventually they came to the Nyenga Leper Colony which is run by the Franciscan nuns of Uganda with a very cheery little lady called Mother Kevin at their head. They devote themselves to doing good and to helping the sick and lepers. If you would like to help them to help others will you please send along something to Mother Kevin for the lepers. She lives at the Nkokonjeru Convent, c/o Post Office Lugazi, Uganda. "Nkokonjeru" means "white chicken," and "Mugengye" is the name for a leper, so now you know some Luganda—the local language.

Nyenga is just being started and the good nuns, both black ones and white ones as you see from the pictures, look after children in it, and also lepers who are so ill that they cannot help themselves at all. You see (*Plate XXXI, No. 1*) a picture of some of the children—notice how wretched the poor little thing in front is although you see it is tea time. His leprosy hurts him but the nuns will help him and it is to be hoped that soon he will be as well as the little boy on the right who was worse than the first one only a year or so ago. These children are lucky, they are in good hands, but there are a lot more who could be taken in if only the nuns had a little more money. It does not cost much to look after these children, about 10/- a month to feed them and everything, but there are such a lot who need help that some must be neglected, and in time they become helpless lepers or just die.

Just to show you that leprosy is no joke, look at these two pictures (*Plate XXXI, Nos. 2 and 3*). Neither of them need ever have become so bad if only they were not quite so ignorant and had come early for treatment to the Government hospitals—which are quite handy—or to the Missions. It is necessary to educate the people about this, but it's only 40 years since white people came here and it takes time to teach 4,000,000 people of whom few read or write or know anything about the outer world. The present generation cannot be helped very much but the young children can be prevented from getting leprosy and you can help them.

Going home in the car Tubby did not talk much—nor did John Graham—they both thought a lot and did not do it without their eyes closed either. When they left Uganda Tubby said, "Toc H must be told about this trip—I will tell them more when I get back in October—but this good work needs money to help it along; it needs clothes, tobacco, shoes and anything people have got to spare. I feel sure there are lots of men who would like to help if they know about Nyenga."

So here is the story of Tubby's trip and it is to be hoped that he will hear that, following the noblest of all teachings, the men of Toc H have helped people who could not help themselves.

NZI OMV. OKUMABAGENGYE.



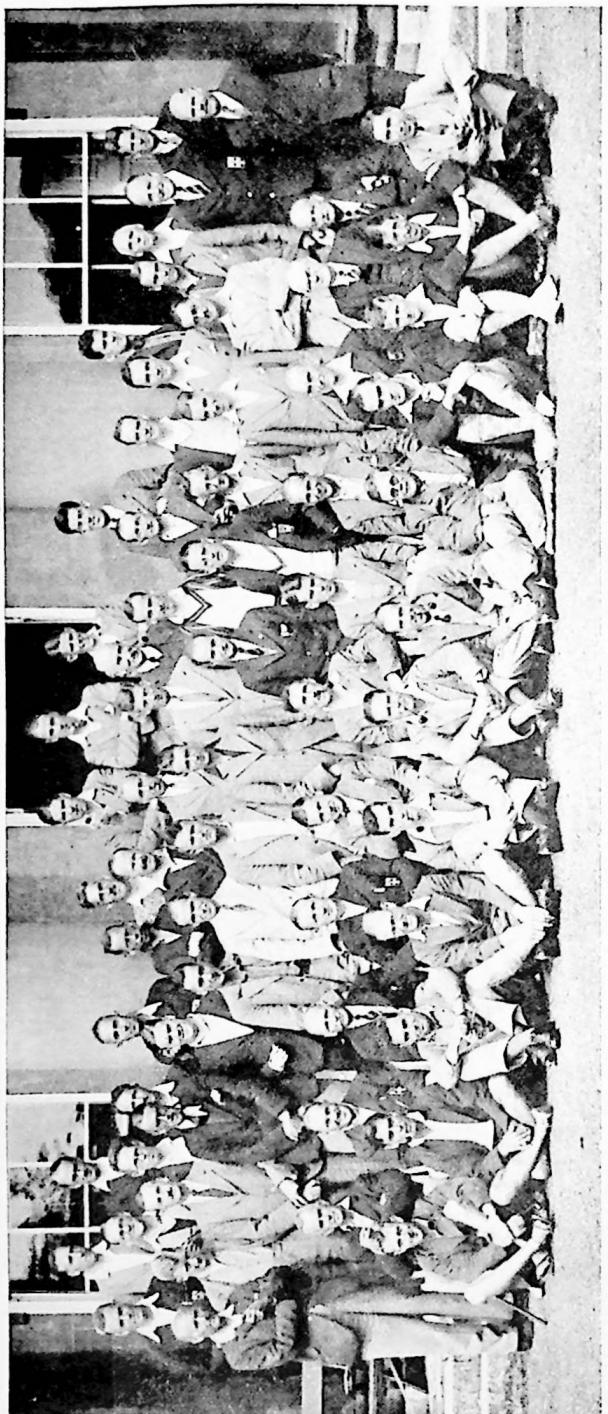
ABOVE : Nyenga Leper Colony (see article, p. 366)—1. Native Franciscan nuns feeding leper children ; 2. and 3. Mother Kiven dressing two severe cases.

MIDDLE : 4. A leper's back before treatment ; and 5. The same back after 22 months' treatment. 6. Ngomahuru Leper Hospital—Female patients cured and ready to be discharged.

BOTTOM : Ngomahuru Leper Hospital—the same boy patient, Gwawiya, in three stages of relief—7. On admission, at the age of about 15, August 8, 1929; 8. After treatment, May 24, 1932; 9. After further treatment, March 20, 1934. (Photographs supplied by Dr. Moyser and sent home by Tubby from Beira).

PLATE XXXII.

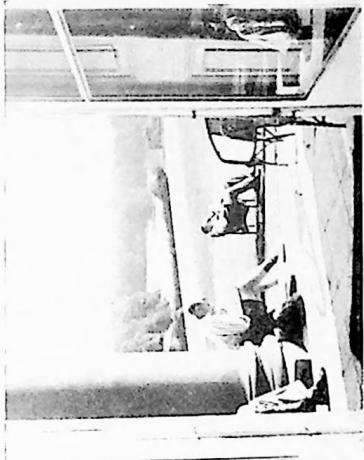
THE STAFF CONFERENCE.



THE TENTH STAFF CONFERENCE, DIGSWELL PARK, SEPTEMBER 3-8, 1934.
(For Names see opposite page.)



THE CONFERENCE AT WORK.



TIME OFF ON THE TERRACE.



A BRIEF STUDY GROUP.

THE TENTH STAFF CONFERENCE

TEA-TIME on the afternoon of September 3, in the big Conference House at Digswell Park in Hertfordshire; a large room with two long tables full of men; a noise which, from a little distance, is rather like the Zoo. An old member from H.Q., arriving a little late, glanced into the room from the open door and had a first impression that he had come to the wrong conference—the first half dozen faces he saw were completely new to him. But a second glance showed him Sawbones, then Owen, then some other ‘Old Contemptible’ of Toc H. The Staff of 1934 had grown almost—but still not quite—out of all recognition. And the new blood looks good, is good: there’s no cause for alarm. Toc H clearly is not what it once was—but then nothing which is alive ever is! Glory be!

Man Power

Every year sees the numbers at the Staff Conference a little larger, and this was the largest ever, so far. Here are their names (now too many to print under the annual photograph) as a key to their faces in the group on the Plate opposite this page:—

FRONT ROW, left to right: A. E. F. Hammond (*S. London Area Sec.*); M. E. Coleman (*N.W. Area Padre*); G. Johnson (*W. Yorks Area Sec.*); L. Wheatley (*H.Q. Clerk*); K. Bloxam (*S.W. Area Padre*); A. F. Watts (*W. London Area Padre*); G. W. S. Harmer (*N.W. Area Padre*); D. J. Wallace (*E. London Area Padre*); R. H. Staton (*S. Yorks Area Pilot*); H. Mycroft (*Lake-land Division Sec.*); M. P. G. Leonard (*Chief Overseas Commissioner*); A. E. Howard (*N.W. Area Padre*).

SECOND ROW: H. Wynne-Jones (*H.Q. Almoner*); G. Ll. Williams (*S.E. Area Padre*); O. S. Watkins (*Hon. Administrative Padre*); H. F. Sawbridge (*W. Area Padre*); W. J. Musters (*Registrar*); Barclay Baron (*Editorial Sec.*); F. E. Ford (*H.Q. Padre*); H. A. Secretan (*Deputy Hon. Administrator*); C. A. Macpherson (*S.E. Scotland Hon. Pilot*); H. E. King (*Padre, W. Australia*); P. A. Slessor (*Asst. Schools Sec., etc.*).

THIRD ROW: P. H. Ketnor (*N. Area Sec.*); I. Fraser (*Central Scotland Area Sec.*); E. C. Brown (*Asst. to Hon. General Sec.*); C. Marr (*E. Area Padre*); R. J. Davies (*E. & N. Yorks Area Padre*); F. G. Harrison (*Notts & Derby Division Sec.*); A. K. Bostock (*N. Area Padre*); J. Mallet (*E. Area Sec.*); A. M. Cowling (*E. Midlands Area Sec.*); P. Sands (*E. Midlands Area Padre*); R. Sawers (*Scottish Area Sec.*);

J. Shaw (*N. Ireland Asst. Area Sec.*); E. R. Charlewood (*London Mark Padre*); R. R. B. Attride (*N. & E. Yorks Area Sec.*); J. H. Ogilvie (*Scottish Area Padre*).

FOURTH ROW: R. L. Watson (*London Mark Padre*); A. G. Churcher (*N. and W. London Areas Sec.*); G. Kircher (*Padre, S. Australia*); G. C. Freeston (*S.E. Area Sec.*); F. W. Baggalay (*Asst. Administrative Padre*); G. A. Lodge (*N.W. Area Sec.*); G. Foster (*Shrewsbury Experimental Area Sec.*); G. W. Evans (*S. Area Padre*); C. Stevenson (*W. Midlands Area Sec.*); H. C. Dunnnett (*S. Area Sec.*); J. Burford (*S. Wales Sec.*); J. H. Clark (*Warden, Talbot House Club, Southampton*); N. Robathan (*N. London Area Padre*); G. H. T. Blake (*Notts & Derby Padre*); N. H. M. Ferguson (*Highlands Hon. Pilot*).

FIFTH ROW: F. Urwin (*S.W. Area Padre*); J. W. Fox (*S.W. Area Hon. Sec.*); J. W. Palmer (*W. Midlands Area Padre*); R. S. Thomas (*Asst. Accountant*); N. F. High (*E. London Area Sec.*); W. Olphert (*W. Area Sec.*); E. M. L. Westropp (*N.W. Area Sec., Liverpool*); L. W. Wood (*Asst. Editorial Sec.*); N. Knock (*W. Yorks Area Padre*); G. K. Tattersall (*Schools Sec.*).

ADD (present during part of the Conference, but not in the photograph): Cusack Walton (*Hon. Commissioner, Toc H Leprosy Campaign*); H. Withey (*Asst. to C. Walton*); F. E. Sargood (*Hon. Overseas Commissioner*); T. E. Keysell (*Hon. Overseas Commissioner*).

Retrospect

It was odd to look back to the First Staff Conference—though, indeed, only four (Barkis, Arthur Lodge, Sawbones and Gilbert Williams) of the 66 men present at the 1934 Conference could look back to its forerunner in 1925. The nineteen members who then met in an ancient house near Stratford-on-Avon had been quite excited to find the staff of Toc H swollen to such a crowd. Their agenda dealt, for the most part, with points of organisation which seem elementary to us now and are long past the need of discussion. How small and how old-fashioned may the Conference of 1934 seem in retrospect to a world-wide staff, meeting together in ten years from now! In 1925, Tubby was absent, on the “World-Tour” which committed Toc H definitely to its mission overseas; in 1934 he was absent again, bearing some of the burden of that commitment, and our responsibilities overseas were constantly uppermost in our thoughts; in 1943—who knows?—the work overseas and the staff

which comes together to represent it may well outweigh the work and the full-time workers at home. Yet, in the face of growth and change, the first aim of the Staff Conference, now as in its first beginning, remains the same. The Conference of 1925, informal in its summons and strictly 'unofficial' in its character, was brought together by a padre (Herbert Fleming) and a layman (Ronnie Grant), because they felt an urgent need for the scattered full-time servants of Toc H, who scarcely saw each other in the year except in a crowd of members at a Birthday Festival, to come face to face, mind to mind, heart to heart, for a little time. That is still the first aim of every Staff Conference, and as the staff grows in number and complexity, the need of such a time together becomes ever more clear. The bare week its members spend in each other's company is an opportunity for consultation and for common work and play; above all it is the annual gathering of a united team, a feast of friends. Gradually the agenda has undergone a change. In earlier years the many sessions were crowded with points of administrative detail, over which men sometimes grew desperately tired and lost their tempers; sub-committees (the blessed refuge of the British in perplexity) sat up half the night, drafting reports which no-one read. Thus cumbered with much serving, the members of the Conference were exhausted before the week was over and the fine flower of fellowship lost a little of its bloom. There is no need, we find, for this nowadays—for the much-debated points of detail are either being worked out steadily in the Areas, or else are already written in the minutes of the Central Executive or in the pages of *Rules of the Road*. Nowadays, it is the practice to bring up such special points, reduced to a minimum, at a preliminary session, and to devote the rest of the time together, as much as possible, to getting to know each other's minds on larger issues. The result is far less like the business meeting of old days than a 'Training Week,' in which we strive to lift up our eyes unto the hills, not merely of difficulty but of help. The change has been gradual and every year

sees some further experiment towards an ideal use of our time together. The Conference of 1934, by universal consent of those attending it, was by far the best we have held. Our work (and we were not idle) was not a burden but a refreshment.

This is not a report but merely an impression. There are no resolutions to put on record, and the style of Hansard would be out of place. How should one convey to any readers there may be, the impression of something like a spiritual experience? For it is a spiritual experience to re-discover, in a few days of busy leisure, that the things we do in Toc H are real things and that those who do them are utterly united in their convictions about them. Not that anyone appointed to serve Toc H should ever doubt this. But, closely involved as we are in routine duties, our lives marked out by meetings and committees and correspondence, our ears quite properly accustomed to any complaints that happen to be going, our tables cluttered up with papers, we cannot but have times of weariness, dark moods approaching despondency, and sometimes even a wondering moment whether it is all worth while. Such a Staff Conference as this year's is the corrective and the tonic that we need.

The Place and the Programme

Digswell Park (it was our third visit and we have planned a fourth for next year) provides the best setting we have yet found. A large country house with space and dignity, a beautiful little church immediately adjoining, a conference room, well furnished with sensible armchairs, which expands at will into a sunny portico and on to the wide lawn beyond, plenty of single or double bedrooms, and, right on the spot, tennis courts, a covered court (often used at strange hours of the night), a cricket ground and an absurdly tricky putting golf course—what more could a crowd of men want for work and play? Meetings by daylight nearly always take place on the sunny lawn, where shoes and shirts can be discarded by anyone so minded; the evening session is held in a closely-packed semicircle, under a canopy of tobacco smoke, indoors. The day opens, for

those who will, with Communion in the church, or, for Free Churchmen, in the house.

The first hour after breakfast is given to 'Bible Study'—a well-worn name for something more unconventional than it usually implies. Last year Tubby led us, in a big circle on the lawn, through the opening chapters of St. Mark's Gospel in Tom Pym's modern paraphrase: it was brilliant and discursive teaching which might have surprised an old-fashioned pietist. This year (Tubby being away) we fell back on our own reading of certain chapters in a book—J. S. Stewart's *The Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ*. Bobs Ford gave a short introduction each morning to the chapter, which members had previously read privately, and posed three or four questions on it. We then separated into four teams, taking our chairs with us to different parts of the lawn, and tackled the questions—never to a finish. This is a book and a method which we can recommend confidently to any conference in Toc H.*

'Special Subjects'

The first two regular sessions of the Conference, on the afternoon and evening of the first day, were devoted to special subjects—*Housing and Training*. In connection with both, members contributed their own experience of specific methods to the common stock of ideas. The only other afternoon session in the week was devoted to *Leprosy*, when Cusack Walton and Harry Withey came specially from London to report progress in the Toc H and B.E.L.R.A. campaign of help. On the second day an intensely interesting and encouraging session was devoted to *Toc H Overseas*. Pat Leonard, as Chief Overseas Commissioner, led off on world-wide family problems, and various members spoke briefly on their special parts of the field—Sargood on the Overseas Office, Owen Watkins on South Africa, Padre King on Australia, Baggallay on India and Burma, Bobs Ford on the Far East, Paul Slessor on Lone Units. The second session that morning was given over to Mus in order that he might deal with *The Financial Education of the Membership*. This he did to such purpose that the Conference

decided to give him a little extra time again next day. The main points of his admirable talk will be found in the article which opens this JOURNAL (page 354).

'The Main Theme'

So much for 'special subjects': many others might have come up but were definitely ruled out in order to keep our time, and, if possible, our minds, clear for a "Main Theme"—*Toc H in the Changing World*. Months beforehand three members had been selected and "warned for duty" as the leaders of our thinking on this question. They were given an evening each in which to develop their ideas and to provoke discussion of them. Rightly viewed, the relation of Toc H to the changing world in which it has to play its part everywhere is the most urgent question the Movement has to face. Are we all alive to the changes? Are we studying them, sizing them up right, discovering the new ways in which we must learn to deal with them and the part Toc H ought to play? Are we training ourselves to make the most of great opportunities, which, if neglected now, may pass us by, leaving the early promise of Toc H in a mere back-water? Hubert Secretan began the series by stating the case about *The conditions in which Toc H is operating to-day*. His talk is summarised on page 358.

In a full and fascinating hour the stage for our thinking and our action was set. With minds too full for immediate discussion, we turned to Family Prayers, and afterwards broke up to talk long in twos and threes.

The next evening was Ian Fraser's turn. Taking up Hubert's survey of the tendencies of our changing world he tackled the question *Where lies the contribution of Toc H in all this?* Wrestling with the problems of our own conduct, Ian laid stress especially on the absolute need for every man and member to work things out for himself, to get clear of vague sentimentalities, to win his own freedom of spirit by hard and often lonely striving: "we have simply got to get down and stand utterly and completely for the truth as we see it."

On the next night Arthur Howard dealt

* Published by the Student Christian Movement, 2s. 6d.

with *Toc H and the individual: what part can Toc H bear in each man's effort to be his true self?* "We need a scheme," he said; "we must create a group which is the germ of the new order within the old." In St. Paul, Faust, Hamlet, Ulysses, we see the picture of men fighting their way through difficulties to find their true selves—"in one form or another this is the picture of every man's life." The speaker went on to trace the struggle and its end in the discovery of God, basing his story on a fiery, long-drawn personal experience of years in a prison-camp during the war. It was a talk which touched depths of truth and heights of beauty which any attempt at summary could only spoil. Before long we hope to print its substance in these pages.

The main discussions of the Conference ranged round these three nights' talks and occupied most of the morning following each. The four groups on the lawn, changing their composition at will, must have ranged over most subjects in heaven and earth, and any

attempt to sum up their discussion is out of the question. But it was all worth while—mind against mind, like flint and steel making a little flash of light.

Achievement

On the final night before we separated, after a 'charge' from Owen Watkins and our prayers together, Hubert summed up the week. "We are not agreed," he said, "in the sense that we have 'found a formula' . . . We remain individuals, each with his own outlook and his own temperament, finding our way, some by the glow of beauty, some by the colder beam of truth, some by the leaping flame of action. But I think we have found this week that the Light to which we are all groping is *one* . . . If I had to put in one phrase the outcome of this Conference, I should be tempted to say that we go away immensely strengthened by the sense of unity in difference."

And, after all, is that not the first aim for which *Toc H* exists? B. B.

THE ELDER

George Peacock: Bishop Auckland Group

The Group sustained its first bereavement on July 2 by the death of one of its founder members, **GEORGE PEACOCK**, at the age of 23 years. He was a hardworking member, beloved in the casual ward where he did his special job.

C. L. Haldane: Brussels Branch

COLONEL HALDANE, who passed over on August 5, has left a big gap in the ranks of the British Legion and *Toc H* in Brussels. In the midst of many responsibilities he constantly found time to bring to the Branch his gifts of wisdom and personal charm.

W. Lamyman: Coningsby Group

WILLIAM LAMYMAN was a founder member of the Group and its first Chairman. He passed over on August 26, leaving a light which the Group will try to maintain.

Alec Kenning: Benoni, Transvaal

Toc H in Benoni will live again through the passing, on August 26, of **ALEC KENNING**, its last Secretary. After a long struggle the Group decided last year to hand in its Rush-

BRETHREN

light and start 'groping' again. Alec, who longed to take his full share in this re-building, then fell seriously ill. He spent his 21st birthday in hospital, suffering great pain with extraordinary fortitude. Three weeks before his death Tubby and John Graham delighted him with a visit; within half an hour of his funeral some of his friends pledged themselves to build *Toc H* anew in Benoni in his memory.

Bob Lewis: Cardiff Branch

No member of *Toc H* in South Wales was better known or more faithful than **Bob Lewis**, who passed over in September. For some time he had endured much bodily suffering and darkness of mind, but when the end came he went forward with wonderful joy and peace. His house in Llandaff was a true home to his fellow-members, who were to be found there at all sorts of hours: beside the stout figure of Bob stood always Mrs. Lewis, member of L.W.H. and a most real 'helper' of *Toc H*. Bob is remembered with proud thanksgiving, and Mrs. Lewis with profound thanks and sympathy.

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

As announced in the July JOURNAL, p. 309, the World Chain of Light will be held on December 11-12, starting and ending at Poperinghe. Here are some final notes.

How the Chain is forged

THE idea of a 'World Chain of Light,' first conceived by Toc H Australia in 1929 and now being adopted for the sixth successive year, is extremely simple. A good many members, however, seem still puzzled as to how it actually works. Some, for instance, picture all the Lamps and Rushlights of the world-wide Family being lit *at the same moment* everywhere. This would be dramatic but it would not be a 'chain,' forged link by link—and it would be difficult to carry out. For when it is 9 p.m. in Poperinghe or in England, it is 3 a.m. in Calcutta and 3 p.m. in Manitoba—awkward hours to assemble members for a Lamplighting. The Chain of Light, as its name implies, is made by the lighting of the Lamps and Rushlights in regular succession, 'link by link' to speak, right round the world—starting from the lighting of the first Lamp at Poperinghe at 9 p.m. one night and ending there at 9 p.m. twenty-four hours later, when the light is received back after its world-journey. All you have to do, wherever you may be, is to keep your eye on *your own clock*. When the hands point to 9 o'clock on the evening of the day appointed, you light your Branch Lamp or Group Rushlight. The Earth, revolving round the sun, does the rest.

The Party for the Old House

1. Members who wish to be considered for inclusion in the limited party to Poperinghe should apply, by December 1 at latest, to Paul Slessor, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.

2. Time table of the journey:—OUTWARD—Monday, December 10, leave Charing Cross, 7.15 p.m. (dinner on the train) or Victoria, 11 p.m.; Tuesday, December 11, arrive Poperinghe, 7.30 a.m. HOMEWARD—Wednesday, December 12, leave Poperinghe 11 p.m.; Thursday, December 13, arrive Victoria, 7.40 a.m.

3. Cost: Inclusive fares, dinner on train, berths, board and lodging, tour of the Salient—3rd Class rail and steamer, £3 15s. od.; 3rd Class rail and 1st Class steamer, £4 7s. od.

4. Passports are essential.

The Lamplighting—by Greenwich Time

The party at Poperinghe remembers Toc H, at its various posts, at the following hours:—

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11.

(All places mentioned below hold "Light" at 9 p.m. by their own time, on December 11).

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| 9.0 p.m. | <i>The Lighting of the Lamp</i> in the Upper Room, Poperinghe. |
| 9.30 p.m. | Belgium. Holland. France (Paris). |
| 10.0 p.m. | England (London, Eastern, South-Eastern, Southern, East Midlands, West Midlands, Shrewsbury and Yorkshire Areas). The British Army. |
| 11.0 p.m. | England (Northern, North-Western, Western and South-Western Areas). Wales. Scotland. Ireland. The Home Fleet. |

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12.

(All places mentioned below hold "Light" at 9 p.m. by their own time, on December 12).

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| 12 midnight. | South America (Brazil, Argentine). |
| 1.0 a.m. | South America (Chile). British West Indies (Antigua). Newfoundland. |
| 2.0 a.m. | Eastern Canada (Quebec, Ontario). U.S.A. British West Indies (Jamaica). |
| 3.0 a.m. | Canada (Manitoba). Lone Members everywhere. |
| 4.0 a.m. | Canada (Saskatchewan, Alberta). |
| 5.0 a.m. | Canada (British Columbia). |
| 6.0 a.m. | The Mercantile Marine and all Seafarers. |
| 7.0 a.m. | <i>The Elder Brethren—"Stand to!"</i> |
| 8.0 a.m. | <i>Holy Communion.</i> |
| 9.0 a.m. | New Zealand. |
| 10.0 a.m. | Australia (Queensland, New South Wales). |
| 11.0 a.m. | Australia (Victoria, Tasmania). |
| 12 noon. | Australia (South). British East Indies. All Toc H Pades. |
| 1.0 p.m. | Australia (Western). The Far East (China, Japan). The China Squadron. |
| 2.0 p.m. | Malaya. Burma. |
| 3.0 p.m. | India (Calcutta). The East Indies Squadron. |
| 4.0 p.m. | India (Southern, Central, North-Western). Ceylon. The Army in India. |
| 5.0 p.m. | The Royal Air Force. |
| 6.0 p.m. | Mauritius. Abadan. Baghdad. Aden. East Africa. Uganda. |
| 7.0 p.m. | Palestine and Egypt. Rhodesia. South Africa (Transvaal, Natal, Orange Free State, etc.). |
| 8.0 p.m. | South Africa (Cape Provinces, East and West). West Africa (Accra, Lagos). Malta. The Mediterranean Fleet. Naples. |
| 9.0 p.m. | <i>The Last Link:</i> The Lamp is extinguished. |

TERCENTENARY AT OBERAMMERGAU

PILGRIMAGE has its assured place in the life of Toc H, from the early days, and the Passion Play at Oberammergau, as well as the battlefield of Flanders, is well established in our tradition. There have been three years since Talbot House was founded in which the Passion Play has called the world together, and in all three our party of Pilgrims has made the long journey. To quote from the report in these pages (*JOURNAL*, October, 1922) of our first visit : "Ypres and Oberammergau have the same things to say to the thoughtful and humble-minded who visit them. The bodies of our friends resting in Flanders ground and the act of faith which the villagers of Oberammergau have made before the world for three centuries are equally witnesses of a great wrong done and of its redemption through uttermost willing sacrifice. They provide the most moving reminder of men's baseness and men's greatness, and they preach an undying sermon which may even yet remain unheeded. They speak alike of Death in terms that would be intolerable were it not swallowed up and transformed, in both cases, by Resurrection."

There have been many Passion Plays in many places in many countries, but Oberammergau is unique in its continuity for three hundred years and in its world-wide reputation. As every thoughtful visitor to the village appreciates, this is no accident. The Play (and in this we may make bold to compare Toc H with it) was inspired, in its origin, by a moment of real crisis, and has been maintained ever since by a living faith which in that moment was found to avail. In 1633, dire plague struck this village hidden in the Bavarian highlands and was, says the chronicler of the time, immediately stayed when the elders of the little community vowed to show forth the mystery of Our Lord's Passion for ever. In 1634, they fulfilled their vow for the first time, and—with the rarest postponements in time of war or inevitable hindrance—have not failed to renew it every ten years since then. The rumour of their act took long to reach the outside world and

until the performances of 1850 scarcely any strangers were drawn to witness it. Once discovered and made known, the Play has attracted more and more visitors, until the little knot of villagers which, a hundred years ago, stood round a rough wooden platform in the "Passion Meadow" to witness it, has grown into an international audience of nearly 6,000, which packs the "Passion Theatre" on four, or even five, days a week for months on end. To meet this there has been inevitable development in the presentation of the Play—but has the spirit of the players also changed? A few words about that presently.

Toc H in Touch

The year 1922 gave Toc H its first touch with this South German village. The Passion Play which, in its regular sequence, should have been performed in 1920, had been postponed for urgent reasons of post-war unrest, and as our party reached the scene in August, 1922, a new crisis was beginning to develop—the "inflation period" of 1922-23. The German mark touched the unheard-of level of 1,000 to the £, while we were there and enabled our members to live on the fat of the land for a few pence. (The mark was later to reach fantastic depths at which it took millions to pay for a postage stamp, but we were spared witnessing the untold misery which this entailed for our German friends). Friendships with the villagers, formed in the two or three busy days of our visit—a characteristic feature of contact with Oberammergau—have lasted until the present day, and the name of Toc H is known and honoured over there. That Christmas, when our friends in the village were suffering great hardship, a circular letter to the 108 members of our party from those who had organised it produced a thankoffering of some £70. This was sent to Anton Lang, the *Christus* of that and two previous Passion Play years, and at the then rate of exchange provided a much-needed home for the old people of the village: Anton Lang wrote that it was "the most wonderful Christmas gift we have ever received."

In 1930, in spite of the greatly increased cost of the Pilgrimage, 98 members took part—with few exceptions for the first time. In 1934, the party, by pure coincidence, numbered 97—or almost exactly the same—but for some unexplained reason the number of women members of it (L.W.H., and wives, daughters or sisters of Toc H men) rose from a handful to about 60 per cent. of the total. There had been, of course, no sort of selection, for all applicants (so long as they were members of Toc H or L.W.H., 'blood relations' of members, or married to them) were enrolled, but every one of them will agree that it was a most united and happy party from the first moment to the last, sensitive to the alternate jollity and solemnity which belongs to a Toc H Pilgrimage.

Outward Bound

The itinerary, modified to save expense, followed the main lines of that used in 1930.

In the early afternoon of Wednesday, August 15, the members of the party assembled at Victoria Station. They were mainly unknown to each other and were starting together on a journey of some 800 miles, a longer distance than many of them had ever attempted. The boat train, a perfect crossing to Ostend (on the first return voyage of the *Prince Baudouin*, the newest and fastest cross-Channel steamer), and dinner there, brought them together quickly; the comic discomforts of a night in wooden-seated third-class compartments completed the introduction. Twelve hours voyage up the Rhine on a steamer in glorious sunshine welded them into a united team and began some friendships which will endure. A night's rest at Wiesbaden followed, and a pleasant morning in that luxury town—Harrogate but more beautiful—gay with thousands of swastika flags, portraits of Adolf Hitler, and endless, monstrous repetitions of the word *Ja* in preparation for the plebiscite on Sunday, August 19. That afternoon, to Munich; more flags, gigantic loudspeakers bellowing propaganda speeches at street corners—and the proper introduction for many of the party to the world's best beer. A morning in the Bavarian capital, all too short, preceded the

last lap of the journey. Among their sightseeing, probably most members of the party visited that most impressive war memorial, the gigantic granite soldier who lies, below the level of a garden, under the shelter of an enormous block of stone, which is simply inscribed "They shall rise again"; a stone 'trench' surrounds him, with the names of the dead of Bavarian regiments cut in its walls. After an early lunch the pilgrims boarded the "Passion Play Train": woods, lakes, the first sight of the mountains and, in a couple of hours, of Oberammergau itself, between the strong hill of the Laber and the towering crag of the Kofel, crowned with a great cross against the sky. Smiling men in the leather shorts and gay braces of the South German peasant and with red railway-porters' caps oddly perched on the flowing hair of the Passion player, took their luggage with a "*Gruss Gott!*" welcome; fair long-haired boys guided them by twos and threes to the houses in the village, gay with flowers and painted devices, where they were to lodge; women with bright dresses and laughing faces met them at the doors, took them by the hand and led them in like old friends. They had reached the goal of their Pilgrimage, so long imagined and eagerly awaited. And after all the preparation and the journeying they found themselves in no strange land. Where love reigns all men are at home.

At the Sign of the Rose

It is the tradition, now well established by three visits, that the headquarters of Toc H in Oberammergau is *The Rose*, a public-house with a large upper room. A public house? But how much more! As our pilgrims, having supped at the tables of their many different hosts, assemble from all points of the compass at the Sign of the Rose they find plenty of good company there before them. For the 'bar,' just inside the door, is crammed. Men in gay jackets and green hats tufted with all manner of flowers and feathers, and women in bright dresses and aprons sit close round the tables before their pots of dark beer—for a harper is playing to-night and there will be many chances

to sing the brisk or lovely songs they all know. The room is astonishingly hot and clouded with smoke; the laughing faces of the serving girls glisten as they push their way through the company with half a dozen mugs in each hand; the stout hostess is everywhere at once and everyone's friend. Over the whole scene—somehow not incongruously—a great carven crucifix looks down from the corner of the room.

But very soon the room upstairs is just as crowded with a full parade of our own members. It is clearly going to be one of the best of Toc H 'guest nights.' One departure from the normal is the displacement of the usual interval for 'coffee and buns.' The ice-cold, brown beer is up the stairs as soon as we are, handled by a most efficient team of Bavarian waitresses and Toc H waiters: complete misunderstanding of each others' language sorts well with a complete understanding on all important points in their job. There are 'the usual notices,' songs, a talk on the great experience of the Passion Play which we are to share to-morrow; then "Light" with a beautiful improvised "Rushlight"—a tiny kneeling wooden angel, work of an Oberammergau carver, holding our candle for us—and family prayers. And so the company streams downstairs and into the starlit night, early to bed. A 'fatigue party' only stays behind to clear the decks and 'rig church' for the morning.

The morning of the Play is come, heralded in the half-light by the bells of the Parish Church ringing for the first of a long succession of masses. We have no bell but are early astir for our own 6 o'clock Celebrations—for Anglicans at *The Rose*, for Free Churchmen at *The Star*, just round the corner. At the latter an ancient bow-window, overhanging the street and adorned with the hanging sign of a golden star, is a perfect place for the Communion Table; the precipice of the Kofel, fading from rose to gold in the mounting sunlight upon a cloudless sky, is its lovely background. Our headquarters at *The Rose* has undergone simple transformation. The festive tables of last night have been packed away: one only remains, covered with 'a fair linen cloth'

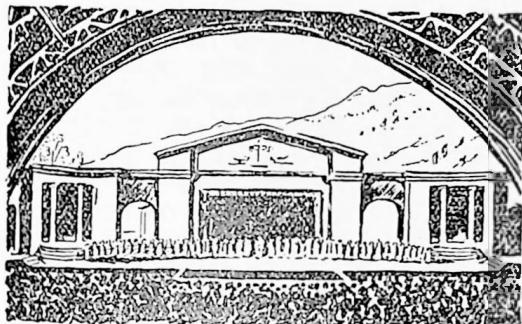
and standing upon a striped carpet, which our hostess has taken great pains to provide. The candlesticks upon the table come from her own room, the flowers are the gift of L.W.H.; the carven crucifix from the bar below hangs upon the wall over it. This is a true Upper Room, most meet and beautiful in its simplicity: it takes the mind easily to the hop-loft at Poperringhe. And here, as the Bread is broken and the Wine outpoured, we are not unmindful of many of our family at home and far afield, not least of our well-known brethren so near us at *The Star* and of our new-found friends in the overflowing congregation at the Parish Church. The church bell rings, for reminder—three and then three, at the elevation of the Host. Down in the meadows the cow-bells make a little mist of sound; the swifts are crying to each other as they wheel past the windows; the morning sun is reflected on the bright walls of the room where we kneel. All these elements of life and beauty, discerned but not disturbing, contribute to the joy and peace in which we lift up our hearts.



The Passion Theatre

The cannon has been fired; you can see the blue smoke of it rising among the trees across the Ammer River. It is the signal that in a quarter of an hour the Play will begin. An immense crowd, men and women of all nations, are streaming through the main street of the village and up the narrow lanes leading to the "Passion Theatre." It is a gaunt wooden building, with no trace of superfluous decoration, but it is beautifully adapted to its exacting purpose—an audi-

torium where every one of 6,000 people can both see and hear without hindrance. At each of its many entrance doors there is an orderly queue of visitors, each with a cushion under the arm—for the tip-up seats are of hard wood and the play is to last nearly eight hours, from 8 a.m. to mid-day and, after a break for food and rest, from 2 p.m. until nearly 6 p.m. Once within, we find ourselves seated under a huge span of roof, borne on latticed steel girders: it is rather like a railway terminus in design and has the beauty of all buildings, like stations, which serve a special purpose perfectly.



The Stage, with Chorus.

Rows of seats run down in an unbroken steep slope to the sunk orchestra and the edge of the stage. The stage itself maintains the tradition of open-air performance in the "Passion Meadow." It is open to the sky, with the exception of a central portion at the back with a proscenium curtain. In either corner the scene is flanked by a little columned portico, to which steps lead steeply: on the right, this is the House of Annas, the High Priest, on the left, that of Pilate, the Roman Governor. Separating these houses from the central proscenium on either side a street of Jerusalem runs into the distance, leading off the stage. The stage itself is of immense size, for it is to be occupied more than once in the course of the Play by over 700 actors. Its decoration maintains the extreme simplicity of the whole Theatre, but behind the scenes (where very few strangers are privileged to enter) the most modern efficiency reigns—spacious dressing-rooms, a magnificent wardrobe (for

the 700 actors require duplicate costumes for acting on wet days), electric signals and devices for raising the scenery at a touch through the floor. The presiding genius is the producer, Georg Lang, himself a wood-carver of great skill and originality, with an imagination rooted in the tradition of the Play but reaching out to modern forms of expression. The scenery, which with a noble simplicity gives the Play a background of vast spaces or intimate friendliness or Eastern richness at will, is the work of his own hand, with the help of village apprentices; the marvellous marshalling of the crowds, the dramatic pose of the chief actors, the beauty of the Old Testament tableaux, each an unforgettable picture, which break the action of the Gospel story at intervals, are all alike his.

The Players' Vocation

And the actors themselves—let us be clear in what spirit they "take the boards." In the year before the Play is due they are elected and allotted their parts by the Passion Play Committee, whose members meet in the Parish Church for mass each time before they make their difficult decisions. It is the ambition of every boy and girl born in Oberammergau some day to be chosen for a principal part in the Play: they dream of being counted worthy to represent the character of Christ or of His Mother. Those honoured few who reach these parts must not only be fitted by bodily presence and dramatic skill but must be known by all their fellow-villagers to lead blameless lives in all things. In the atmosphere of prayer the Committee approaches its high duties, meeting behind closed doors, and on the day of election to the principal *rôles* the whole village is in a ferment of excitement. When the cast is announced there must needs be many disappointments but they are borne in silence: there is no appeal against decisions of the Committee. Every man, woman and child connected with the Play is thus chosen—scene shifters, wardrobe women, stokers and sweepers, door attendants, as well as the actors themselves. There is an old and wholesome tradition that no married woman may take part—for the married woman's

place is at home, welcoming her guests and speeding them on departure, cooking and cleaning, and doing that endless drudgery of laundry which is inevitable in a house which fills and empties with different guests several times a week. The duty of hospitality to the stranger is more honoured in Oberammergau than in any other place we know.

The Play begins

The cannon in the woods is fired again, wakening an echo in the high hills. Silence falls in the vast audience: the Passion Play has begun. The orchestra, from first to last unseen in their sunk places, strike up the first slow solemn chords of the music which Rochus Dedler, the village schoolmaster and organist, wrote in 1820 for the Play. And then the Chorus of men and women, in white robes under dove-grey cloaks and with gold bands round their heads flashing in the sun, come in quietly in two long files from either side; they meet in the centre of the stage, turn to face the audience and take three slow steps forward. The singers begin their first great chorus of many, then divide and fall back, still singing, so as to leave the central proscenium open to the view of the audience. The curtain slowly parts and reveals the first of those marvellous tableaux in which the Old Testament 'types' of the succeeding incidents of the Passion are represented. The bowed figures of Adam and Eve are leaving the Garden, and in the centre the bright figure of the angel watchman towers above them, his white robe and flaming sword shining in the morning sun. This is Paradise Lost and for the rest of the day we are to witness it being Regained, out of hatred and treachery and agony, by the Passion and Resurrection of Christ.

The curtain closes on this picture, and the Chorus swings slowly back into line across the stage. From the centre of the line Anton Lang, a magnificent presence, steps out and begins to speak the Prologue:—

Welcome, welcome to all, whom here the love
Of the Saviour unites, mourning, to follow Him
On His journey of suffering
To the place of His burial-rest. . .

378

To Him shall all our thoughts be turned.
Pray, yea, pray with us, now that the hour comes
When the debt of our sacred vow
We pay to God Everlasting!

This, then, is the prelude to the main action. The Chorus retires, as quietly as it came, and the central curtains part again—to reveal sunlit houses against a blue sky and a breeze, and among the houses a great crowd passing by. They begin to stream into one of the streets which leads down to one stage; they overflow it and gradually fill the whole space from end to end. With every moment, as the multitude of men, women and children increases, their chorus grows. The restless, many-coloured crowd thrones hither and thither shouting it; children with waving palms echo it with shrill voices as they swarm up the steps of the House of Annas to get a better view of Him whom they acclaim. For in the midst of the crowd, "meek and sitting upon an ass," is their Hero in His short hour of popular triumph. In dramatic contrast, a little knot of half-a-dozen men and women comes down the other street—the Marys, St. John, and one or two more. The huge crowd stands back a little and falls silent as Jesus alights from the ass and steps forward to greet His Mother. Holding her in His arms He towers above her, for Alois Lang, the *Christus-Darsteller*, is a magnificent figure of a man, easily overtopping his fellow-actors. There is a short pause before the procession swarms together again and streams away to those shouts of "Hosanna!" and is slowly lost to sight and sound. Thus is the first act in the world's greatest drama shown—a scene of colour and movement which holds the spectators breathless, a brightness which they know is to contrast with the gathering darkness of Calvary, already foreseen. And in the midst, the touch of family and home, both human and divine, which is never to fail.

Great Moments

But we must not be tempted here to follow in detail the course of the whole great drama. It unfolds slowly through the eight

hours of performance, but rises swiftly at intervals to the highest points of beauty, solemnity and sorrow. Different spectators have different impressions of its most outstanding moments. The parting in the House at Bethany had the whole audience in tears, and few will forget the poignancy of the moment when the Son kneels to His Mother to say farewell. The fiery hate of Caiaphas, the more hateful, because more snake-like, vindictiveness of Annas, the kiss of Judas and the wild despair of his remorse, the raging of the crowd, with deafening shouts of "To the Cross with Him! To the Cross!", the crowning with thorns, the hammer blows and the slow lifting of the Cross with its living burden to face the audience, the last loud cry of agony from it, the clubbing to death of the crumpled thieves hanging on the right hand and on the left—these cannot be forgotten, for they were almost past bearing as we witnessed them. And other moments will be remembered for their surpassing beauty and quiet grandeur—the washing of the disciples' feet, the blessing and the giving of Bread and Wine in the upper room, the slow Descent from the Cross amid the lamentations of friends. Considered as a piece of characterisation and of acting, nothing surpassed the part of Pilate as interpreted by Melchior Breitsamter—the incorruptible civil servant, sincerely impressed by his Prisoner, trying with courage and patience to do justice in the face of a despicable foreign rabble and giving way at the last minute, with a gesture of disgust and despair, to circumstances too strong for him. As the Play went on—from morning to noon, and then again until near sunset, the physical and, still more, the emotional strain upon the spectators was very heavy. But every time when it seemed to be nearing a breaking-point it was relieved by a pause in the drama—that slow entry of the Chorus, unsurpassable in its dignity and sheer simplicity, and the alternation of sung meditation and chorale with the spoken words of the Prologue and the lovely 'still' pictures of the Old Testament tableaux in which the figures seemed to live without breathing. These regular interruptions gave the onlooker time

to recover his self-control, to rest and to meditate on the meaning of what had gone before.

Makers of the Play

Nor must we here go into much detail about the history of the making of the Play. When the villagers made their vow—the Tercentenary of which has been celebrated in this "Jubilee Year" at Oberammergau—the idea of a Passion Play was not new; the Middle Ages all along had thus taught simple and illiterate folk by means of "living pictures." The traces of a 15th century Passion Play performed in Oberammergau have been found. In the course of centuries the crude humour common in the early mystery plays became corrupted into forms which scandalised people grown more sensitive, and a complete revision of the Oberammergau Play was needed. Two men, both greatly endowed with spiritual and artistic gifts, gave us the text used to-day. The first was Ottmar Weiss, a monk of the neighbouring monastery of Ettal, who rewrote the Play for the performances of 1810; the second was a pupil of his, Alois Daisenberger, who was the beloved parish priest of Oberammergau for nearly forty years. He revised and remodelled the Play in 1850 to such noble purpose that a modern writer has called it "the Gospel according to St. Daisenberger." Into the Evangelists' words he weaves his own with dramatic skill. He traces the plot to capture Our Lord and put Him to death in careful detail, building up the conspiracy between the Sanhedrim, jealous of a new Prophet, and the traders, driven by Him from their money-making in the Temple, with Judas, disappointed in his unworldly Master, as the tool of both parties. He reconstructs the whole trial of Our Lord, in its long series of exhausting incidents. And beside the grandeur of the central Figure, he sets a gallery of human pictures, understanding each and condemning none, "for they know not what they do." The High Priests, jealous for their church's honour; Judas, consenting to help end the career of a Messiah whom he now regards as false, and terribly stricken when he discovers, too late, his mistake; Pilate, trying to do justice, or the Roman

379

place is at home, welcoming her guests and speeding them on departure, cooking and cleaning, and doing that endless drudgery of laundry which is inevitable in a house which fills and empties with different guests several times a week. The duty of hospitality to the stranger is more honoured in Oberammergau than in any other place we know.

The Play begins

The cannon in the woods is fired again, wakening an echo in the high hills. Silence falls in the vast audience: the Passion Play has begun. The orchestra, from first to last unseen in their sunk places, strike up the first slow solemn chords of the music which Rochus Dedler, the village schoolmaster and organist, wrote in 1820 for the Play. And then the Chorus of men and women, in white robes under dove-grey cloaks and with gold bands round their heads flashing in the sun, come in quietly in two long files from either side; they meet in the centre of the stage, turn to face the audience and take three slow steps forward. The singers begin their first great chorus of many, then divide and fall back, still singing, so as to leave the central proscenium open to the view of the audience. The curtain slowly parts and reveals the first of those marvellous tableaux in which the Old Testament 'types' of the succeeding incidents of the Passion are represented. The bowed figures of Adam and Eve are leaving the Garden, and in the centre the bright figure of the angel watchman towers above them, his white robe and flaming sword shining in the morning sun. This is Paradise Lost and for the rest of the day we are to witness it being Regained, out of hatred and treachery and agony, by the Passion and Resurrection of Christ.

The curtain closes on this picture, and the Chorus swings slowly back into line across the stage. From the centre of the line Anton Lang, a magnificent presence, steps out and begins to speak the Prologue:—

Welcome, welcome to all, whom here the love
Of the Saviour unites, mourning, to follow Him
On His journey of suffering
To the place of His burial-rest. . .

378

To Him shall all our thoughts be turned.
Pray, yea, pray with us, now that the hour comes
When the debt of our sacred vow
We pay to God Everlasting!

This, then, is the prelude to the main action. The Chorus retires, as quietly as it came, and the central curtains part again—to reveal sunlit houses against a blue sky and a breeze, and among the houses a great crowd passing by. They begin to stream into one of the streets which leads down to the stage; they overflow it and gradually fill the whole space from end to end. With every moment, as the multitude of men, women and children increases, their chorus grows. The restless, many-coloured crowd throngs hither and thither shouting it; children with waving palms echo it with shrill voices as they swarm up the steps of the House of Annas to get a better view of Him whom they acclaim. For in the midst of the crowd, "meek and sitting upon an ass," is their Hero in His short hour of popular triumph. In dramatic contrast, a little knot of half-a-dozen men and women comes down the other street—the Marys, St. John, and one or two more. The huge crowd stands back a little and falls silent as Jesus alights from the ass and steps forward to greet His Mother. Holding her in His arms He towers above her, for Alois Lang, the *Christus-Darsteller*, is a magnificent figure of a man, easily overtopping his fellow-actors. There is a short pause before the procession swarms together again and streams away to those shouts of "Hosanna!" and is slowly lost to sight and sound. Thus is the first act in the world's greatest drama shown—a scene of colour and movement which holds the spectators breathless, a brightness which they know is to contrast with the gathering darkness of Calvary, already foreseen. And in the midst, the touch of family and home, both human and divine, which is never to fail.

Great Moments

But we must not be tempted here to follow in detail the course of the whole great drama. It unfolds slowly through the eight

hours of performance, but rises swiftly at intervals to the highest points of beauty, solemnity and sorrow. Different spectators have different impressions of its most outstanding moments. The parting in the House at Bethany had the whole audience in tears, and few will forget the poignancy of the moment when the Son kneels to His Mother to say farewell. The fiery hate of Caiaphas, the more hateful, because more snake-like, vindictiveness of Annas, the kiss of Judas and the wild despair of his remorse, the raging of the crowd, with deafening shouts of "To the Cross with Him! To the Cross!", the crowning with thorns, the hammer blows and the slow lifting of the Cross with its living burden to face the audience, the last loud cry of agony from it, the clubbing to death of the crumpled thieves hanging on the right hand and on the left—these cannot be forgotten, for they were almost past bearing as we witnessed them. And other moments will be remembered for their surpassing beauty and quiet grandeur—the washing of the disciples' feet, the blessing and the giving of Bread and Wine in the upper room, the slow Descent from the Cross amid the lamentations of friends. Considered as a piece of characterisation and of acting, nothing surpassed the part of Pilate as interpreted by Melchior Breitsamter—the incorruptible civil servant, sincerely impressed by his Prisoner, trying with courage and patience to do justice in the face of a despicable foreign rabble and giving way at the last minute, with a gesture of disgust and despair, to circumstances too strong for him. As the Play went on—from morning to noon, and then again until near sunset, the physical and, still more, the emotional strain upon the spectators was very heavy. But every time when it seemed to be nearing a breaking-point it was relieved by a pause in the drama—that slow entry of the Chorus, unsurpassable in its dignity and sheer simplicity, and the alternation of sung meditation and chorale with the spoken words of the Prologue and the lovely 'still' pictures of the Old Testament tableaux in which the figures seemed to live without breathing. These regular interruptions gave the onlooker time

to recover his self-control, to rest and to meditate on the meaning of what had gone before.

Makers of the Play

Nor must we here go into much detail about the history of the making of the Play. When the villagers made their vow—the Tercentenary of which has been celebrated in this "Jubilee Year" at Oberammergau—the idea of a Passion Play was not new; the Middle Ages all along had thus taught simple and illiterate folk by means of "living pictures." The traces of a 15th century Passion Play performed in Oberammergau have been found. In the course of centuries the crude humour common in the early mystery plays became corrupted into forms which scandalised people grown more sensitive, and a complete revision of the Oberammergau Play was needed. Two men, both greatly endowed with spiritual and artistic gifts, gave us the text used to-day. The first was Ottmar Weiss, a monk of the neighbouring monastery of Ettal, who rewrote the Play for the performances of 1810; the second was a pupil of his, Alois Daisenberger, who was the beloved parish priest of Oberammergau for nearly forty years. He revised and remodelled the Play in 1850 to such noble purpose that a modern writer has called it "the Gospel according to St. Daisenberger." Into the Evangelists' words he weaves his own with dramatic skill. He traces the plot to capture Our Lord and put Him to death in careful detail, building up the conspiracy between the Sanhedrim, jealous of a new Prophet, and the traders, driven by Him from their money-making in the Temple, with Judas, disappointed in his unworldly Master, as the tool of both parties. He reconstructs the whole trial of Our Lord, in its long series of exhausting incidents. And beside the grandeur of the central Figure, he sets a gallery of human pictures, understanding each and condemning none, "for they know not what they do." The High Priests, jealous for their church's honour; Judas, consenting to help end the career of a Messiah whom he now regards as false, and terribly stricken when he discovers, too late, his mistake; Pilate, trying to do justice, or the Roman

379

centurion carrying out his duty on Calvary with a rough compassion; Peter, the impetuous waverer who denies his Friend—all these are shown without reproach or contempt, as by one who says to himself, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." Only Herod is shown as nothing worth, a frivolous puppet of a man, spending an idle half-hour in trying to extract a conjuring trick out of a famous Magician. And so Daisenberger, scholar and saint, builds the Story into his own framework, and makes a dramatic unity, a beautiful and intensely moving whole. We can scarcely deny him the touch of genius.

The Tongue of Slander

A few words about the players themselves are needed, for it is the villagers of Oberammergau who have made it a place of devout pilgrimage and who keep it truly so in the face of extraordinary distractions and temptations. It is interesting to find an English lady who visited the Play in 1850, when it just received notice from the outside world, writing that this would be the last time anyone would wish to see it; alas! by next time these simple folk would have had their heads turned and would have lost the pure motive which had inspired their acting hitherto. Every ten years since then, this lament has been repeated. Some of our own pilgrims in 1922, distracted by the ceaseless coming and going, the noise of tourists and trading in the streets of Oberammergau, felt that it could scarcely survive; in 1930—all these distractions being enormously increased—they felt so again. And in 1934, we returned to find the traffic still further swollen, at times to almost unbearable limits. And so, many critics have said, the thing is clearly a pious fraud—these people, with their guileless air, must be coining money. Fantastic rumours never fail, each time now, to lend 'evidence' of this. In 1922, the newspapers persistently reported that the whole Passion Play "company" had been engaged at a fabulous fee to travel to Hollywood, where the Play would be filmed. The truth is, that the engagement—and the fabulous fee—was several times offered by Hollywood and as often

quietly refused. It was not that the village did not need the money in 1922; in that year, owing to the currency collapse, each principal actor's share of the 'profits'—i.e., his payment for five months exacting work and for a hundred previous rehearsals, the compensation for his ordinary wage-earning laid aside—was the equivalent of one English pound. In 1930, not only were rumours of a huge contract in America circulated, but a company of actors, calling themselves the 'Oberammergau Players'—not one of whom came from the village—did actually produce some scenes from the Passion Story in an ordinary theatre. And this year, Anton Lang himself showed me a cutting from a London evening paper announcing that an American boxing promoter had signed a contract with the Passion Play "company" to produce the Oberammergau Play in a Paris theatre. Greatly distressed, the village council had denied the rumour as utterly unfounded—but had received no evidence that their denial had ever been printed. To anyone who knows the players as men and women, such denial is superfluous.

Two Kinds of Critic

Criticism not only seeks to damage the integrity of the players but, of course, attacks their Play. It is, they say on the one hand, not a work of art; it is crude and childish; it is too long; it needs 'gingering up' by professional tricks of all kinds to the standard of the modern stage. No less a writer than J. B. Priestley went to see the Play early this season and, as a practised dramatic critic, told the world how utterly bored he was with it. On the other hand, there are the critics who say that the Play isn't crude enough to be a genuine peasant production; it is ruined by modern artifice; it is obviously designed and produced by professionals from outside; it is a second-hand commercial venture trading as a religious one. Both schools of critics are certainly on the wrong track. The first kind have taken a seat in the Passion Theatre in the same mood in which they would sit in a stall at a 'first night' at home; they almost expect to see the name of Mr. Cochran or Max Reinhardt on the pro-

gramme. And the second kind forget that the players of Oberammergau have three hundred years of acting tradition behind them, that they are continually striving to tell even better the grandest story in the world to an audience of modern, sophisticated, often widely-read and much-travelled men and women from every land. They must tell the Story as best they can, with every talent they possess, because they want it to break through the crust of sophistication, to challenge the cheap tastes and hasty judgments of modern people, to penetrate their minds and turn their hearts to penitence and praise. Their whole aim (however little some will believe it) is not to make money or a reputation for themselves, but for the greater glory of God. And so the key to the Play, a key easily found by all who go to Oberammergau in a humble and a friendly spirit, is to be found in the lives and characters of the players themselves.

Off the Stage

And how shall one get to know the players by staying two nights in their homes, amid a babel of other guests? Early in the morning the long-haired host, who is an apostle or a member of the crowd, is out of the house getting ready for the day's work in the theatre, and in the evening, tired with that work, he slips into the house again; in the two-hour's pause at mid-day you see him bicycling to the field to tend his cattle, or shoeing a farm-horse, or serving behind the counter in his shop—for the work of a village must go on. How can you get to know people who have no spare time? And the answer is that the people of Oberammergau always have time for their friends—and if you are in one of their houses you *are* their friend. You may watch closely the demeanour of any of the players, watch Alois Lang who plays the greatly-honoured principal part. As he returns from his tremendous day's task in the Theatre, the ubiquitous autograph-hunter lies in wait; strangers whisper and want to shake his hand as he comes down the street; in his own home he finds some visitor, not one of his own guests, who has pressed in, uninvited, to take photographs. He walks quietly, almost shyly, through the

midst of these would-be hero-worshippers, upstairs and into his private room. Only after supper, when the house is quiet, he emerges to sit among his guests and to play the host with most unaffected charm.

That is the plain fact about these men and women—off the stage they are no actors. They ring true in every detail: you cannot catch them out. The vow their forefathers took in 1634 holds good no less in 1934. It has changed their lives: it *is* their life. Many observers have remarked that it has even changed them bodily; it has ennobled their carriage and made beautiful their faces. And so the noise and restlessness of their streets, the vulgarities of a tourist season, the buying and selling by Munich shopkeepers, the temptations of profiteering and self-advertisement—all this seems to pass them by. They are in it but not of it, not standing aloof but keeping themselves unspotted by it. And all this with none of the constraints of the “unco' guid.” Nowhere will you receive more genuine smiles of welcome or hear more clear laughter than in Oberammergau. Such lives are surely the proper fruit of a tradition of fellowship and service. This is how Christianity in everyday life ought to work out. This is what one would wish the family life of Toc H in every place to be.

“ Speak as you find ”

One or two tiny touches from personal observation may help to round off the picture. Call them trivial, if you will: everyone who knows the village can produce their parallel. One member of our party, arriving alone at the house in the village where she was to stay, knocked rather hesitatingly at the door. A small girl opened it, smiled at her and called back into the house, “Mummy, here is one of *your new friends*.” In 1930, several of us stayed in the house of an old couple, farm labourers, who are among the humblest folk in the village, and this year (being billeted elsewhere) I walked down the lane to visit them. Frau Schauer, my former hostess, must have received hundreds of strangers into her house, week in, week out, since she came down the garden to greet us in 1930: it was unlikely that she would

recognise me right away, and not to be expected that she should have much time, among her present house-full of guests, to entertain me now. As I approached the house she was busy sweeping the balcony. She stared at me for a moment under her shading hand, then gave a little cry of excitement and came running down the stairs to meet me. She called me at once by name, enquired eagerly, by name, after her other Toc H guests of four years ago, remembered an absurd incident of that time with laughter, and sent me finally away with a little present out of her own china-cupboard for my wife whom she had never seen.

After the long day in the Theatre I was walking in the cool of the evening through the village. In my hand was a favourite stick, a five-foot hazel, cut years ago on a walking tour in Dorset: the tip is shod with iron, the top ended in a long curving knob. At an open window a player sat carving a delicate figure of the Holy Child: he was trying to finish one tiny hand before the light faded. This was Bartolomaeus Speer, one of the traders in the Temple in the Play. I interrupted him, thrusting my stick in at the window over his bench. "Sorry!" I said, "I know you are busy—but could you tell me of an apprentice perhaps who could carve that knob for me, just some rough thing, a snake's head or such?" He stood up with a charming smile on his handsome bearded face and took the stick out of my grasp. Without speaking he turned it round and round in his hands, intent upon it with all his mind. Then he sat down to the bench again and selected a tool. The white chips began to fly. He changed his tools, first one, then another. "It's a hard wood," he said at last, looking up with another smile, "and drier than I like for carving." The knob was fast changing shape. A mouth was coming plain—he had a hard struggle over the teeth, deeply cut; a muscular throat, eyes under bold ridges began to appear. For half an hour I stood at the window-sill watching him. "I'm not very used to carving snakes," he murmured. But at last he stood up, satisfied, and as a neighbour came into the room he writhed the

new-born snake's head in his face with mock ferocity; the victim replied with mock terror, and all of us laughed. When he had passed the stick back through the window I said, a little awkwardly, "And how much will that be?" It was his turn to be awkward too: "O, I really don't think—" "But I've wasted your time," I said and pointed to the Holy Child—it would not be finished by daylight now, and it might have sold for a couple of pounds next day. "Well—let's say sixty pfennigs" (roughly ninepence). I felt one of those clumsy silver pieces in my pocket and put it into his hand. He looked at me steadily with his blue eyes: "You don't mean that," he said, "I couldn't—" "Well, any way it's worth all that and more to me," I said. He smiled again, shyly, like a small boy, and without another word sat down to his bench with his head bent over the Holy Child and the tool in his hand.

"The Good Neighbour"

Such are the "profiteers," "lodging-house keepers," "worldly-minded" folk who run the "ramp" of the Passion Play! It is idle to pretend that they are "ordinary peasants" any more. They have made themselves into superlative craftsmen in wood-carving, pottery, music and other arts, as well as on the stage. They are masters of the art of friendship. The whole world makes pilgrimage, at the rate of 20,000 a week, to their village, and they are ready to receive every kind of guest—the devout, the careless (who in countless cases goes with unwonted thoughtfulness away), the supercilious and the vulgar, the sorrowful and the gay, Catholic and Protestant, infidel and heretic, rich and poor, old and young, speaking all the tongues of mankind. And so these men and women, trained to their high calling from the cradle, have grown into a people apart—and yet more near than any other to all men in sympathy and service. The love of Christ constraining them, they can show you how humble and hospitable, how full of understanding and patience and humour "the good neighbour" can be. And we who once again have had the opportunity of meeting them will not forget to give thanks.

B. B.

TOC H TRAVELLERS' TALES

With "Regron" in Australia—IV.

In the June, July and August issues of the JOURNAL, 'REGRON' (Rex Calkin, Greeno and Ronnie Wraith) completed a brief survey of Toc H as they had been able to see it on their first visits to Western and Southern Australia, Victoria, Tasmania, New South Wales and Queensland. In the August number readers were also given an impression of the Federal Festival at Sydney at the end of May, with the momentous Council Meeting which decided on constitutional changes. Evidences of the reorganisation of Toc H Australia, on the basis of Districts as we know it at home, will be noticed in the List of Units which is a Supplement to the present number. 'REGRON,' in the dispatch which follows, give a general summary of Toc H life in Australia.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico. Applying these words of Tacitus to Toc H, they mean that when we don't happen to know anything about the Branch 12,000 miles away we take it for granted that it is a much better show than our own. Distance lends enchantment to the view.

All this is very true of the relations between Toc H in England and Toc H Overseas. In England we are prone to say "Ah, but you must go overseas—say, to Australia—to find the real Toc H"; in Australia they say, "Of course, the show we've got here is pretty fair cow—you want to go Home to get the dinkum oil." (These phrases are regrettable, but you get used to them; the word "cow," which normally denotes a mild and useful domestic animal, can here be employed, either as noun, adjective or adverb, to convey a wealth of opprobrious meaning; it is said that Australia is the only country where you can legitimately describe a dark horse as a fair cow!). In other words, Toc H everywhere is engaged in thinking that it is a very much finer thing somewhere else. Now comparisons are always odious, but it could do nothing but good to clear away this mutual misunderstanding by the knowledge of first-hand experience.

One has heard Tubby describe himself variously as a Londoner, a Pompeyite and a Queenslander as the situation demands—for aught we know he is also a Canadian in Canada and a South African in South Africa. The fact is indisputable, however, that by birth he is Australian; and Toc H

in Australia has not progressed as he must have planned and dreamt, since he was here in 1925. Toc H here is not so strong in quality as Toc H at home; it is not very strong at all. But generalisations won't do in a continent as vast as this, and that statement must be rather elaborately qualified.

There have seemed to us to be two distinct Australias—the Australia of the great capital cities, and the Australia of the bush town, the sheep station and the outback. The contrast between these two worlds is immeasurably more pronounced than the contrast between town and country at home; a few places, but only a very few, fall midway between these categories, and correspond to the provincial town of England. Generally speaking, there are two different lives, two different outlooks, two different kinds of men.

In the great cities of Australia, Toc H is tiny and insignificant. It cannot truthfully be said that Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney or Brisbane owes anything appreciable to Toc H as a cultural influence helping to mould the character and genius of the people; even in Western Australia, where Toc H is moderately strong, it is at its weakest in the cities and large towns; the two largest cities between them muster a bare 250 members. There are here and there a few excellent suburban units, and many of the weakest Groups are steadily doing jobs which would appear to be well beyond their powers; but almost universally the city units are weak, unrepresentative and badly built; they are distinguished by sincerity and tenacity, but

by little else. There are, of course, reasons why this is so. History is always the product of geography, and the continual sunshine of Australia, with the consequent open air life, sport (a serious business here!) and freedom gives rise to an outlook and a way of life which makes the way, not only of Toc H but of many kindred movements, difficult and slow.

The strength of Toc H Australia is in the country. The majority of country units in every State are the equals, if not the betters, of our best countrymen's units in England. Often one sees Toc H transforming, and in many cases leading, the whole life of small communities. Here, beyond question, the thing works; here, with wider development, Toc H has the chance of being foremost among the influences which are moulding local and national character.

The interpretation of Toc H by Groups and Branches, their methods and their ways, are not profoundly different from our own. The differences are entirely superficial; a rather more pronounced taste for ceremony and ritual, a trifle more formality, a curiously deeper association with the World War itself—these are the main differences one notes. To our English eyes, Toc H here seems just a little out of date; the English unit of 1924 is not unlike the average Australian unit to-day. One striking thing is the faithful, almost literal adherence to every trifling custom or practice mentioned by Tubby and Pat long years ago in 1925; neither of them can fully have appreciated their influence or realised their power; neither of them could have known that if perchance they once removed their collar

because the evening was hot, that same unit nine years later would solemnly remove their collars whether it was hot or cold!

These few last reflections are not without their moral. The moral is that lack of close liaison with Toc H elsewhere in the world has retarded growth, mental as well as physical. By what is now realised to be an unfortunate stroke of constitutional policy many years ago, Toc H Australia was set up as an independent body, self-contained and self-sufficient; this process was repeated, owing to the vagaries of Australian law, in each separate State, so that perfect unity was not even possible within the Commonwealth. The channel of communication between England and Australia was inadvertently choked.

That channel, happily, has now been cleared. By the resolutions of the Federal Council this year at Sydney, Toc H throughout Australia becomes part and parcel of Toc H Incorporated, with free liaison between the Central Executive of Toc H in London and the Australian Executive which centres on Adelaide. The six Australian States become Areas of Toc H, after the manner of any Area in England; and an Australian member of Toc H in each State becomes an Hon. Area Commissioner, with the special responsibility of keeping-up-to-date with English and world-wide thought, and so bringing his Area into the main stream of Toc H life.

The clearance of this once choked channel may in future stimulate and strengthen the movement here. That, at any rate, is our sincerest wish.

August, 1934.

"REGRON."



TOC H
Australia



THE AUSTRALIAN BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL, SYDNEY, JUNE 1934.

In the centre: G. F. Pitcher (Chairman, Federal Executive), The Lord Mayor of Sydney, The Dean of Newcastle, N.S.W., Padre E.E. Hynes (Federal Padre, N.S.W.). (Photo.: Sydney Telegraph).

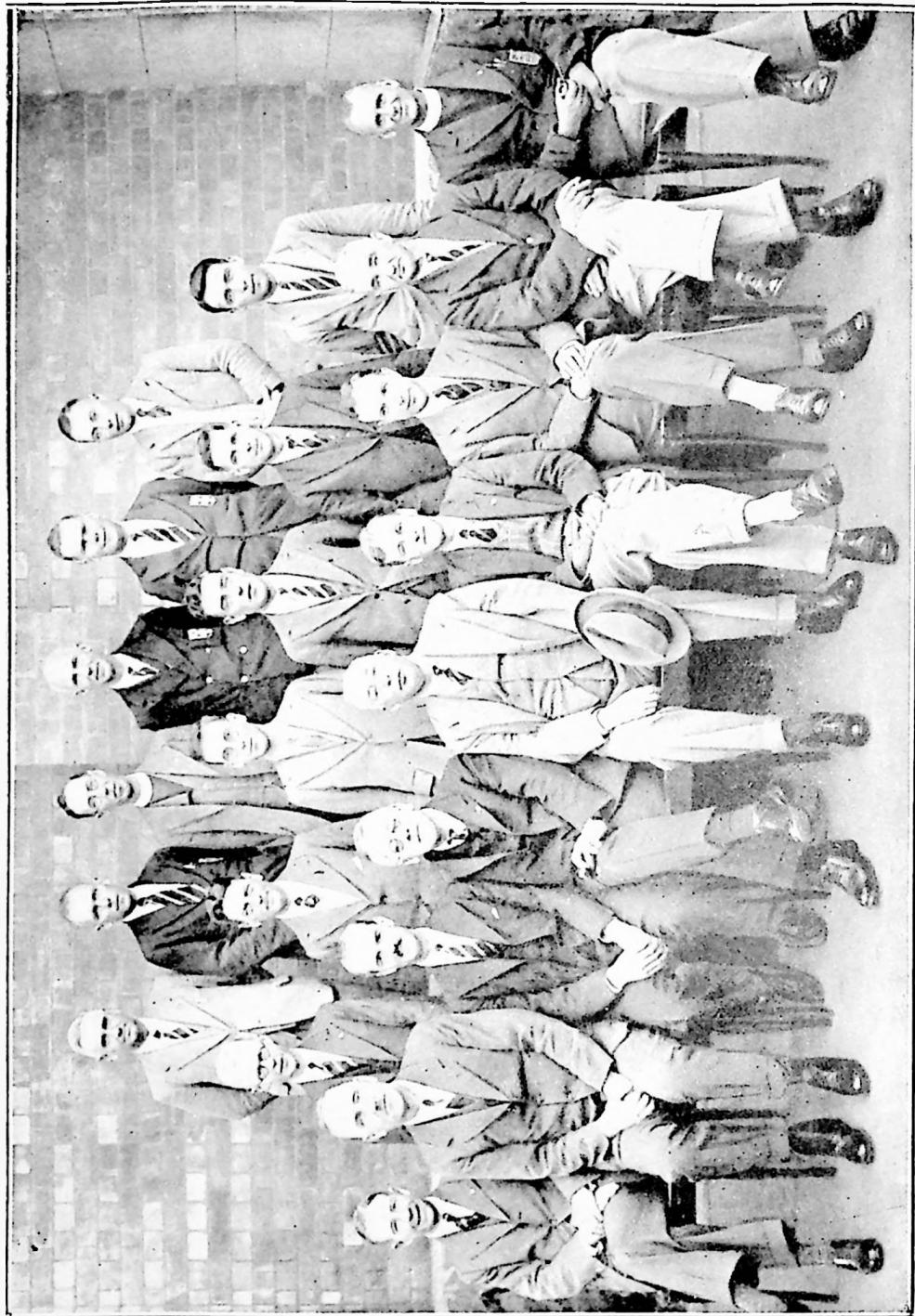


THE MEETING OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF TOC H, AUSTRALIA, SYDNEY, MAY 29, 1934.

Standing: W. E. Hosken (South Australia), Padre H. C. Cuthbertson (Tasmania), G. F. W. Echlin (Tasmania), A. P. Passmore (South Australia), W. A. Cave (South Australia), G. Record (Tasmania), J. S. McCreery (Victoria), Padre P. W. Baldwin (Victoria), A. S. Greenacre (English Team).

Sitting: A. E. Davis (New South Wales), Padre H. Leggate (New Zealand and English Team), R. R. Calkin (English Team), L. Haworth (N.S.W.), C. R. Osborne (Acting Secretary), G. F. Pitcher (Chairman), D. M. Cleland (Western Australia), J. C. A. Watts (Western Australia), F. J. Huelin (Western Australia), J. G. Loney (Queensland), R. W. Adams (Victoria).

Also present, but excluded from photograph: Padre E. E. Hynes (Federal Padre, N.S.W.), F. O. Chilton (New South Wales), R. E. Wraith (English Team). (Photo.: S. J. Hood, Sydney).



THE SECOND MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN AFRICAN COUNCIL, OF TOC H, DURBAN, JULY 9, 1951.
 BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT : R. A. Thompson (*Eastern Province*); A. S. Paton (*Natal*); Padre R. G. Chatfield (*Orange Free State and Cringaland West*); R. V. V. Cullen (*Natal*); R. N. W. Tucker (*Transvaal*); J. N. Wheeler (*Eastern Province*).
 SECOND ROW : L. A. Davey (*Western Province*); S. Stokes (*O.F.S. and G.W.F.*); R. W. Dickinson (N.); C. van Eck (*O.P.S. and G.W.F.*); R. V. Etheridge (N.); J. A. Dargie (*E.P.*); A. J. Braze (*H.Q., nominal*); R. V. Evans (N.); Tubby (*Founder Padre*); Sir Herbert Stanley (*High Commission, Chairman*); John Graham (*G.D.C. to Tubby*); G. R. R. Martin (*Secretary to the Council*); H. V. Chert (*Officer*) ; Padre W. H. Kinsey (*F.*).

With Tubby in South Africa—IV.

Last month we printed a letter from JOHN GRAHAM describing the visit of TUBBY and himself to Northern and Southern Rhodesia, and at the end added a note from the "Times" indicating their arrival and first success in the Union of South Africa, at Durban, Natal. The strain of the journey had told heavily upon TUBBY, and he had been ordered a fortnight's rest and thereafter a much modified programme. We are very glad to report that he is much better and able to undertake much of the work for which he went out.

A Night off at Umtali

Before leaving the Rhodesian visit (reported in August JOURNAL) let us add a note on a meeting at Umtali, on June 23, where the programme developed on unexpected lines. The Beira News of June 28 reports TUBBY's arrival and various meetings and concludes:—

At 8 p.m. he lit the Lamp of Maintenance at the Toc H Hall, and said a few words before the Hon. L. Cripps, C.M.G., gave an address on Cecil Rhodes, but unfortunately there was no time for "Tubby" to give the talk so many came to hear.

TUBBY's comment on this incident reaches us scribbled on a Northern Rhodesia Telegraph form:—

O never take offence, where no offence is!
Cripps built his Rhodes, without a pause
for parley;

The luckiest of all my audiences

Was that which didn't hear me at Umtali.

To Durban; the Southern Africa Council

We now print a letter from JOHN GRAHAM, written from Archibald's Hotel, Umzinto, on July 16:—

As far as the JOURNAL is concerned, I left you high and dry at SALISBURY, RHODESIA, as far as I remember; and I've forgotten how much I've told you.

At SALISBURY Tubby was in quite colossal form—only a different kind of good form from Cairo; we had three meetings here in Salisbury—the first a plain Branch meeting, where Tubby was a sheer joy to listen to, jumping about from wildly improbable stories about London Clubs to really thought-provoking statements about God's claim on man; bubbling over with similes and illustrations, hurrying so close on one another

that most of them couldn't be fully worked out and were left in people's minds like rich wreckage on a beach; answering questions without a moment's thought with a great wealth of illustration and parallels and contrasts. Next night a public meeting—a cold and ineffective hall, full of cold people. Third night—a guest night with Tubby again on top form. One sentence in particular stands out in my mind—a paradoxical reason for Toc H vigils, "the sheer devildom of being alone with God."

So much for that; then three days and nights in a train, broken only by periodic groups of men at wayside stations rousing us from slumber or more definite activity to provide us with the universal South African drink of tea. A genuine South African is completely lost if he doesn't drink tea at least six times a day; this ritual is strictly observed on a restaurant-car-train and when you add half-a-dozen Toc H units doubling the dose along the line, you can see that life tends to become more and more like one long cup of tea. On the last morning's journey we got through comparatively few bouts of this vicious habit and then were met at DURBAN by an honest crowd of men who strangely enough took Tubby off to tea while I grappled with luggage. Having salvaged a decent proportion of our seventeen pieces of baggage, I rejoined the party; and we then proceeded to settle down for our longest stay in any one place since leaving Home. We were actually billed to stay ten days, but in fact are remaining much longer, since Tubby has been ordered a fortnight's rest by the Doctor.

Notwithstanding that, he has led a fairly energetic life for one week, which included a visit to ZULULAND (quite thrilling to go to a place beginning with 'Z'; Ashby-de-la-

Zouche is practically the only chance you get at Home, and that's rather a feeble effort), in which there are, I suppose, a hundred members. Among the Units is EMPANGENI, which reached Branch status at last year's Festival; and GINGINDHLOVU, which is pronounced with about six guttural clicks and will be spelt wrong (what's the betting?) by our well beloved printer, Geo. Marshall. (*Not a hope!*—ED.).

But leaving Zululand aside (and I don't suppose that will give anybody particular difficulty) we must go on and describe the SOUTHERN AFRICAN COUNCIL. One of the troubles of writing to you from Archibald's Hotel, Umzinto, is that my Council minutes, sedulously prepared by Geoffrey Martin, have been left behind in Durban; however, as an expert has just appeared carrying my fourth unasked-for cup of tea to-day, the brain and memory will probably just last out and I shan't give away so many secrets.

Imagine to yourself the panelled interior of a Municipal Offices committee room, a long table and some eighteen Councillors, and the picture is more or less complete. At the head of the table sits Sir Herbert Stanley, leaning well back, smoking a pipe and pouring forth the most succinct and mellow wisdom as occasion demands. On his right, Geoff. Martin, sitting bolt upright, with an air of slight surprise on his face, constituting in himself a challenge to any speaker to try and send him off to sleep; half-way down Geoff. Martin's side, Eric Tucker, Editor of the *Compass*, young, round-faced, black eyebrows meeting in all sorts of odd curls and twists, pouring over a shorthand reporter's pad; at the far end Bert Oldfield, Father of Toc H Southern Africa, white-haired and benevolent, with a pipe trying to drag down the corner of his smiling mouth; and one more prominent personality we don't hear enough about, sitting now here next Sir Herbert, now at the far end—a tall, fair-haired, middle aged man who goes by the name of Drage. (No connection with the instalment system, though at the time of writing he is busy furnishing a new house). Drage sits with his hands on his knees,

waiting for a business-like proposition; occasionally he stands up slowly and sheds his divine pessimism on the assembly; more often he just sits and thinks. As for Tubby, he is adrift generally, sometimes sitting in a corner with his legs crossed, sorting out his pocketful of papers for the fortieth time, sometimes standing up, supporting himself heavily on Geoff's shoulder and talking about the weight which falls on a corner stone; sometimes whispering to a Councillor some way from the present speaker, sometimes strolling round distributing postcards of lepers or cuttings about the Oil Industry. The meeting lasted a whole day with intervals for lunch and teas, and one of the surprising things to an outsider was the extremely small percentage of rubbish talked; with practically no exception, everyone talked to the point, shortly and with conviction and the Chairman was quite masterly with his weighing of pros and cons. The most interesting discussion was on the question of whole time staff—the findings I am not at liberty to disclose here; but it was an occasion for being tremendously thankful for membership in Toc H, where personalities could be discussed and weighed against one another with perfect frankness and charity and a sense of complete confidence in everyone's effort to choose the right man, irrespective of their own personal likes and dislikes. The whole Council was alive with that atmosphere; and it was, I think, enhanced by the joy of including in its members an Afrikaans-speaking delegate, Van Eck, from the Orange Free State. At one point in the Council's discussions several members rose and made short (and obviously amusing) Afrikaans speeches; but this was soon quelled (as were all irrelevancies) by an incisive reply from Sir Herbert, this time also in Afrikaans. By 6 o'clock, issues were tumbling over one another in their haste for quick decision; and when the closure came at 6.30 everyone was ready and happy and satisfied with a fine and effective day's Council.

Durban to date has provided the usual round of meetings, public and private, warm and cold, successful and unsuccessful; some

of them swelled by the Natal membership also in conference over the week-end, others brightened by the arrival of Petty Officers from H.M.S. *Hawkins*.*

If the JOURNAL is getting much more stuff of the quality of Ronnie Wraith's Waddi Forest (*see June JOURNAL, p. 266*), it won't be wanting much more of your humble servant's verbosity. So I guess I had better dry up and see the further sights of Umzinto, which include a Toc H shack at present without a roof, floor or windows, but in other respects, commodious and complete.

J. G.

A Natal Broadcast

From Durban TUBBY was able to speak on the wireless and thus to reach many a Natal member whom he was unable to meet in "the fellowship of sight and hand." Here is what he said:—

THE ANNOUNCER introduces him: "Natal Toc H is now to listen in to TUBBY, alias the Rev. P. B. Clayton, who has come down from King's House, where he's resting, having been forbidden by the doctor to visit Toc H scattered through Natal. Mr. Clayton in 1915 founded Talbot House, Everyman's Club, in the Salient of Ypres, from which Toc H has grown to usefulness all round the map. He is a frequent contributor to B.B.C., Great Britain. Here he is . . ."

TUBBY speaking:

I must tell you one story. Mr. Baldwin—who is, with Lord Baden Powell, Viscount Wakefield and the Governor-General, a President of Toc H—delights in telling stories against himself. One day this year, Mr. Baldwin was in a Great Western train. He shared the smoker with a fine old Squire, who peeped at him from time to time above a copy of *The Pig-Breeder*. At last, the Squire laid down his reading matter, bent forward, and tapped Mr. Baldwin on the knee . . .

"You were at Harrow with me; your name's Baldwin."

* A vivid impression of Tubby's talks in Durban, the Council meeting, etc. appear in *The Compass* of Toc H Southern Africa for August. It is too long for reprinting here.

"Yes," said Mr. Baldwin, "I think it is."
"Well," said the old Squire, "we were boys together. How are you getting on? What are you doing? Anything useful?"
England is England still!

* * * *

I came out here to try to be of use to Toc H brethren in the Union. The doctor has prohibited it at present; but the kind wireless carries my salutes. A broadcast is of use at all events. I talk a lot on the B.B.C. at times, mainly to beg for money for great causes:—the London Hospitals, Slum Settlements, Empire Leprosy Relief, Tower Hill Reform. Toc H is now very strong in Britain and is helping all these things a lot to-day. This year alone, Toc H has raised over £10,000 for Leprosy, together with 150 volunteers for five-years' gift of service in Leper Colonies; and at the same time £32,000 towards the Reformation of Tower Hill, where on July 24 the Children's Beach, constructed by Toc H between the Tower of London and the Thames is to be opened by Lord Wakefield (*see August JOURNAL, p. 339*). It's a great thing for any city now to have, as London has, thousands of men, high and low, rich and poor, one with another, bound together in Toc H to serve the health and good name of the City.

This is not just in London! In Australia, New Zealand, China, the Malay States, in India, Canada, United States, in Chile, and in Argentina, Toc H is now at work—mainly young men with senior men standing behind the Movement. We have our Houses open in most cities from Albany to Calcutta, from Toronto to Buenos Ayres, as power houses and lighthouses of service. Alas! there are no Houses yet established in South Africa. We badly need a House in Durban, and others in Johannesburg and Capetown.

To-night, however, I am not to beg—although they say that on my very tombstone will be the text "it came to pass, the beggar died." To-night I only beg for interest in Toc H and its brave building. Sir Herbert Stanley has worked hard for it.

I can't now tell you much about Toc H. But I would whet your appetite for more. Consult Toc H nearest your own map-reference. Toc H Natal is not yet grown to strength. It needs some senior friends. It needs Headquarters. But there are some 12 Branches, 19 Groups, 400 men, in Toc H in Natal—a healthy seedling, useful little teams . . . Where is the list? Oh here it is. In Zululand—I saw some at ESHOWE. There is MELMOTH—a good bilingual team—they've built a swimming pool. At GINGINDHLOVU (Gin-gin-shlow-voo), EMPANGENI (Em-pan-gay-nee), MATUBATUBA (Ma-too ba-tooba—forgive my murdering your famous names) you'll find Toc H beginning to begin.

Now for the North. There's LADYSMITH, COLENZO, DUNDEE, ESTCOURT and NEWCASTLE. This last have asked me to-night to christen their wireless set made for the hospital. Christenings are rather noisy undertakings. I hope your new set, Newcastle, is thriving! (In most parts of the world, Toc H has made thousands of headphone sets for hospitals. At Winnipeg, they make them in the winter, then take them right up country in the summer and fix them up in isolated farms in Northern Manitoba. All the year round, Winnipeg runs a wireless guest night monthly). A salute then to Toc H at Newcastle, Natal; not only from 700 men in Mother Newcastle at home, but also from Toc H—a living force—in Newcastle in New South Wales, proud of the Warrior's Chapel, its own shrine in Newcastle Cathedral, New South Wales.

Now for the Midlands men. Two Branches at PIETERMARITZBURG CITY and CENTRAL. They have done quite a lot of good, I hear, with unemployment and Boys' Hostel work. Back them up, senior fold in Maritzburg. The young are our best wealth in every city.

Then HOWICK, RICHMOND, GREYTOWN and NEW HANOVER; in all Toc H has launched a plucky Team. New Hanover has got a tiny farming dorp.

Then comes the Coastal Area—DURBAN, HILLARY, MALVERN and ESCOMBE, where Vic Evans lives. You ought to know our Vic. He is well worth knowing. Escombe will find

388

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I came because dear Uncle Harry Ellison has passed this year to hear the great "Well done." He founded and he loved Toc H South Africa. Here are four points he handed on to me to bring to you. They are extremely simple:—WORK HARD; PLAY HARD; THINK HARD; PRAY HARD. Here is the compass of Toc H complete.

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As I walk to and fro in King's House garden, my mind goes back to Talbot House, Poperinghe. It is an old white house which somehow stood for Home and Christ and Peace and Understanding in the heart of the furnace of Flanders, seven times heated. The grey-haired men who have now been on pilgrimage have been to Talbot House, and found it ready, eager to receive them as to a Bethlehem of brotherhood.* For there Toc H began, loved by its nickname: and even 'Christian' was a nickname once. Many a man who died in Delville Wood found strength and peace in Talbot House, Toc H. This very day in 1916, the name of one Pte. Cecil Stewart Ross, of 1st Battalion, South African Infantry, occurs upon our Roll of Elder Brethren.

Brethren, we are debtors to these men, for whom the trumpets sounded sacrifice. Now make your sacrifice to build Toc H. Their lives were Lamps which must not be extinguished. To conquer Hate—that is the world's huge need.

* B.E.S.L. Pilgrimage : see July JOURNAL, p. 315.

From Natal to the Transvaal
From Cape Town JOHN GRAHAM wrote on
August 26 as follows:—

I'm afraid it's rather a long time since I last wrote, but I thought it would be as well for you to have everything up to Capetown in one letter, especially as I can see it in better perspective.

Last time I wrote we were in the thick of DURBAN; the end of that chapter was the Governor General's telegram to H.R.H. the Patron, printed in the press (*including the August JOURNAL.—Ed.*), indicating that some senior men had been called together and had promised £750 p.a. for five years to support whole time staff. This is the crying need everywhere and we went on our way rejoicing that it was practically an accomplished fact for Natal. Our first stage from Durban

—after Tubby's so called rest under Doctor's orders—was only forty odd miles to PIETERMARITZBURG, irreverently called P.M.B. or Maritzburg. Here Toc H is really great fun; two Branches have always been in existence in this replica of an English market town—tinged with the departed glory of having been the Province's Capital—and from a superficial point of view, which is, after all, the only possible view in such a short space of time, the rivalry has been of real value to each. The result, as witnessed by a country guest night on our Saturday evening there, was quite first rate. A large, irregular basement room is the meeting place, with a real atmosphere of friendliness, not faked, as so often, with a mass of out-worn jokes as notices around the walls.

Goodbye to Natal the following day—Gilbert Talbot's day (July 30)—and a gentle jog west in the train to JOHANNESBURG; there are a great many irreverent names for this city, but I dare not embark on them now; its atmosphere is best described by the two words "Eighty million" of which the citizens are amazingly proud; and I believe they indicate the Gold Mines' total income in a year. The first glimpse the stranger gets is the Railway Station, which is built in the sort of style that puts the Grosvenor to shame. Arches and friezes and frescos and

corridors of extreme magnificence do their best to conceal the fact that such old-fashioned things as steam trains are still essential to Johannesburg's prosperity. But despite the rather flamboyant style of architecture that is rising to mark the epoch of gold-boom, Johannesburg has the kindest, friendliest heart you can imagine. After a fortnight of three, if not four, vast meals a day, elaborately conceived and with difficulty digested, you soon become aware of the most generous spirit of hospitality abroad in the world. And that it does not stop short at food or gesture, be it known that as a result of Tubby's visit £2,000 a year for five years is now forthcoming and Toc H Southern Africa can at last look forward to an adequate staff and a future built on a sound and lasting organisation.

The most striking production of Toc H here—or anywhere, so far, on this trip—was the Transvaal training week-end just outside Johannesburg at Myerton. Fifty to sixty men arrived any time up to 4 a.m. on Sunday morning; our home and base was a farmhouse with stables and outhouses and tents; the owners almost completely ousted, and men sleeping in hordes on the floors, in the passages, on the verandah, on beds, couches, chairs, cushions, rugs of every description. But sleep did not last long and Sunday was spent in mixing, listening, discussing and, more important than all, eating; a most gallant staff of L.W.H. lived up to their name of Helper, cooking, serving and washing up in a room roughly the size of a telephone box. Monday was a Bank Holiday, and with it came Tubby to crown the weekend with his presence; and among those who listened to him was one who pushbiked 57 miles, and several English and Afrikaans-speaking who had driven far further from the countryside. I can't translate that weekend and its spirit and personalities into words; the Communion Services under the trees and the wind blowing where it listeth through the leaves; the hilarity of song after song at Sunday night supper, conducted quite superbly by a Yorkshireman organ-tuning expert with a fork; the burning sun

389

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389

of winter on the feeble Englishman's face at breakfast time, and the huddled crowd on the verandah sitting and listening after eight year's waiting to the real, live Founder Padre at last here in the flesh.

The man who organised it all will soon be more widely known—"Matron" Anderson, whose blushes I had better spare; but if you think of yourself as an Area Secretary, your Area being more than twice the size of England, your ordinary job keeping you in an office overtime most nights till 9 p.m., and your carefully planned programme for Tubby being upset at a month's notice, you may get some slight conception of the difficulties surmounted and transformed by this chap. That's all I'll say about him and about Joburg (I knew I'd abbreviate it sooner or later). The other places we've visited since then are PRETORIA, MASERU, BLOEMFONTEIN and KIMBERLEY.

You had better be honest, O reader, and confess that you don't know where MASERU is; and then remember, for your soul's good or any other reason, that it is the capital of Basutoland, which, strangely enough, is the land of the Basutos. The Basutos are an amiable people whom we visited in order to see their leprosy colony. This and the colony at Pretoria need an expert to describe them; but they are very wonderful places and full of joy and encouragement as well as of ghastliness and tragedy. At Pretoria, especially, there was an atmosphere of activity among the lepers themselves which must go far to defeat the appalling depression of the disease; and everywhere there is a hope of cure that would be worth the whole existence of Toc H to translate into accomplished fact.

Toc H PRETORIA is strong in service, weak in Padres, and has been slow in enterprise; but there too Tubby's visit has raised their expectations and their standards; and they will soon be on the march again. A welcome visitor at the meetings here was Jim Hedges, the Governor General's butler, a Foundation member. BLOEMFONTEIN and KIMBERLEY are small as yet; their little scattered area, small for S.A., though larger than England by far—turned up in force for conference and festi-

val and meeting Tubby in Kimberley. KIMBERLEY is as dead now as Johannesburg is alive; with a glittering past and a seemingly hopeless future, a tradition of great days when all the world wanted diamonds and Kimberley supplied them, and a flickering hope that one day the world will want her

enrichening child again.

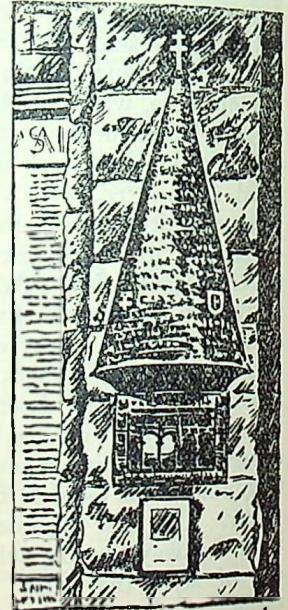
On the Sunday morning we motored to a place that reminded me vaguely of Versailles without the crowds; an ornamental garden peopled in imagination with brilliant garden, brilliant clothes and brilliant jewellery, now with weeds growing on the paths and a few odd folk like Toc H in Conference to stroll and sit and lie beneath the trees. Here it was good to listen to the exposition of Toc H by two Afrikaans-speaking members; to see Tubby cross-legged with an open shirt and a Greek Testament balanced on his knee, talking now of Toc H in Australia, now of Hindu practices and now of the poor old Parish system.

But Tubby can't stay everywhere for ever and the cry goes up for staff, staff, staff! We left Geoff Martin to stay up north and plan, and embarked on a luxurious train for Capetown and our final month of S. Africa.

JOHN GRAHAM.

A Memorial to Harry Ellison

The Lamp of Southern Africa, originally lit for the Transvaal by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales on December 11, 1926, at the Royal Albert Hall, London, was enshrined in All Souls' Memorial Chapel in St. Mary's Cathedral, Johannesburg, on Delville Wood Day, July 18, 1931. On November 2, 1931, it was used to start the World Chain of Light.



On August 4, this year, Tubby unveiled a Canopy above the Lamp which is the national memorial of Toc H Southern Africa to "Uncle Harry," to whom they owe so much, and whom they remember with proud thanksgiving and deep affection. The inscription on the Canopy, which was composed by Tubby, reads:—

Unto the Greater Glory of God this Lamp of Maintenance was lit for Toc H, Southern Africa, by H.R.H. EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, on December 11, 1926. Herein enshrined and rekindled on Delville Wood Day, 1931, the Flame is faithful to All

ELDER BRETHREN who won the way to Peace by Sacrifice. First among these stands HARRY BLOMFIELD ELLISON, in whom God's Grace prevailed. He held back nothing to set this light of CHRIST's goodwill throughout this great land which he loved and served.

The Ceremony of Unveiling began with The Pilgrim Hymn, and contained a litany, hymns and prayers familiar to most of us at Birthday Festivals. Besides Tubby, Dean Palmer, Archdeacon Urquhart, Padre Kinsey ("Gaika") and John Graham led parts of the service; Barbara Bell-John (L.W.H.) read the Lesson and the Bishop gave the Blessing.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

'Moral' Revolution

DEAR EDITOR,

For years I have had a great admiration and regard for the German people and have developed personal contacts with individual Germans. I have sympathised practically with them in their post-war difficulties which to me appeared to be largely due to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. I appreciate their gallant efforts towards regeneration at the present time.

Because of this I desire to draw your attention to certain statements in your article 'Christian Stormtroop' in the July JOURNAL which seem to need correction or elucidation.

There are three statements to which I desire to draw your attention. They refer to the National Socialist Revolution in Germany, and occur on p. 285, lines 18-27, and footnote.

1. "Revolutions by their very nature involve violence, injustice and cruelty, especially in their first stages."

This surely depends upon the sphere in which the revolution takes place. A moral revolution which produces an enlargement of personality would not normally produce violence, injustice and cruelty. If it did it would not be moral. The Christian Gospel from its first proclamation called for a revolution in spirit, but this was emphatically disassociated by Our Lord Himself from political and nationalist programmes.

2. "Hitler intended, and has in a remarkable measure achieved, a moral revolution. There has been a real 'clean up' of immoral elements which were sapping German life."

Would you please explain exactly what shape this moral revolution has taken? Many observers consider that so far from there having been a "real 'clean up' of immoral elements that were sapping German life," there is actually a lower standard of regard for human life and personality throughout Germany, and an increased acquiescence (superficially at any rate) in methods of government which no free, civilised community could possibly tolerate.

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In emphasising all this, one must not disregard the brighter side which is shown in the renewed hope and encouragement which has been brought to a large proportion of German people, though the moral value of this can only be based on the moral value of the factors which have produced it. Hope based on phantasy would have no moral value.

391

of winter on the feeble Englishman's face at breakfast time, and the huddled crowd on the verandah sitting and listening after eight year's waiting to the real, live Founder Padre at last here in the flesh.

The man who organised it all will soon be more widely known—"Matron" Anderson, whose blushes I had better spare; but if you think of yourself as an Area Secretary, your Area being more than twice the size of England, your ordinary job keeping you in an office overtime most nights till 9 p.m., and your carefully planned programme for Tubby being upset at a month's notice, you may get some slight conception of the difficulties surmounted and transformed by this chap. That's all I'll say about him and about Joburg (I knew I'd abbreviate it sooner or later). The other places we've visited since then are PRETORIA, MASERU, BLOEMFONTEIN and KIMBERLEY.

You had better be honest, O reader, and confess that you don't know where MASERU is; and then remember, for your soul's good or any other reason, that it is the capital of Basutoland, which, strangely enough, is the land of the Basutos. The Basutos are an amiable people whom we visited in order to see their leprosy colony. This and the colony at Pretoria need an expert to describe them; but they are very wonderful places and full of joy and encouragement as well as of ghastliness and tragedy. At Pretoria, especially, there was an atmosphere of activity among the lepers themselves which must go far to defeat the appalling depression of the disease; and everywhere there is a hope of cure that would be worth the whole existence of Toc H to translate into accomplished fact.

Toc H PRETORIA is strong in service, weak in Padres, and has been slow in enterprise; but there too Tubby's visit has raised their expectations and their standards; and they will soon be on the march again. A welcome visitor at the meetings here was Jim Hedges, the Governor General's butler, a Foundation member. BLOEMFONTEIN and KIMBERLEY are small as yet; their little scattered area, small for S.A., though larger than England by far—turned up in force for conference and festi-

val and meeting Tubby in Kimberley. KIMBERLEY is as dead now as Johannesburg is alive; with a glittering past and a seemingly hopeless future, a tradition of great days when all the world wanted diamonds and Kimberley supplied them, and a flickering hope that one day the world will want her

enrichening child again.

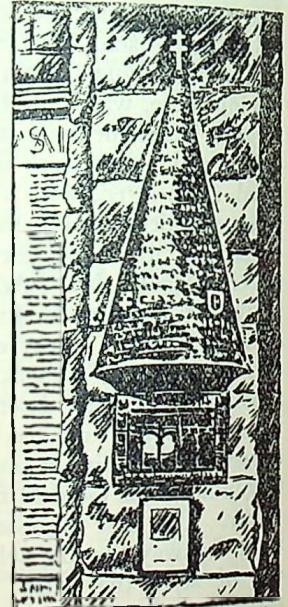
On the Sunday morning we motored to a place that reminded me vaguely of Versailles without the crowds; an ornamental garden peopled in imagination with brilliant garden, brilliant clothes and brilliant jewellery, now with weeds growing on the paths and a few odd folk like Toc H in Conference to stroll and sit and lie beneath the trees. Here it was good to listen to the exposition of Toc H by two Afrikaans-speaking members; to see Tubby cross-legged with an open shirt and a Greek Testament balanced on his knee, talking now of Toc H in Australia, now of Hindu practices and now of the poor old Parish system.

But Tubby can't stay everywhere for ever and the cry goes up for staff, staff, staff! We left Geoff Martin to stay up north and plan, and embarked on a luxurious train for Capetown and our final month of S. Africa.

JOHN GRAHAM.

A Memorial to Harry Ellison

The Lamp of Southern Africa, originally lit for the Transvaal by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales on December 11, 1926, at the Royal Albert Hall, London, was enshrined in All Souls' Memorial Chapel in St. Mary's Cathedral, Johannesburg, on Delville Wood Day, July 18, 1931. On November 2, 1931, it was used to start the World Chain of Light.



On August 4, this year, Tubby unveiled a Canopy above the Lamp which is the national memorial of Toc H Southern Africa to "Uncle Harry," to whom they owe so much, and whom they remember with proud thanksgiving and deep affection. The inscription on the Canopy, which was composed by Tubby, reads:—

Unto the Greater Glory of God this Lamp of Maintenance was lit for Toc H, Southern Africa, by H.R.H. EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, on December 11, 1926. Herein enshrined and rekindled on Delville Wood Day, 1931, the Flame is faithful to All

ELDER BRETHREN who won the way to Peace by Sacrifice. First among these stands HARRY BLOMFIELD ELLISON, in whom God's Grace prevailed. He held back nothing to set this light of CHRIST's goodwill throughout this great land which he loved and served.

The Ceremony of Unveiling began with The Pilgrim Hymn, and contained a litany, hymns and prayers familiar to most of us at Birthday Festivals. Besides Tubby, Dean Palmer, Archdeacon Urquhart, Padre Kinsey ("Gaika") and John Graham led parts of the service; Barbara Bell-John (L.W.H.) read the Lesson and the Bishop gave the Blessing.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

'Moral' Revolution

DEAR EDITOR,

For years I have had a great admiration and regard for the German people and have developed personal contacts with individual Germans. I have sympathised practically with them in their post-war difficulties which to me appeared to be largely due to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. I appreciate their gallant efforts towards regeneration at the present time.

Because of this I desire to draw your attention to certain statements in your article 'Christian Stormtroop' in the July JOURNAL which seem to need correction or elucidation.

There are three statements to which I desire to draw your attention. They refer to the National Socialist Revolution in Germany, and occur on p. 285, lines 18-27, and footnote.

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391

3. "Revolting methods do not, in my view, alter the truth of this paragraph." (footnote).

I suggest that this statement does not face the real issue which is as to whether revolting methods are compatible with a moral revolution.

There is no doubt that Hitler and millions of others at the moment regard him as the saviour of his country. But a man's view upon that question will depend upon his attitude to Dictatorship with all that it entails. Let us preserve a sense of proportion and call Hitler's revolution 'political' or 'social' but not 'moral' in the generally accepted sense of the term. Our sympathy for the German people will be all the more sincere and more helpful for this.

Yours sincerely,
London. LEONARD F. BROWNE.

Ugliness in Toc H

DEAR EDITOR,

The Great War produced many things that were beautiful and many that were ugly. Of the beautiful things, Toc H must deservedly take a very high place. Of the ugly things, I will mention just one—the quantity of "slang" with which our English language, itself a thing of great beauty, was encumbered. Beauty and ugliness are incongruous; bring them together and you produce an unpleasant discord which is painful to those sensitive enough to perceive it.

Ugliness has no place in Toc H. We meet to pursue a beautiful Ideal—Fellowship and Service—and we open our meetings with the beautiful words of "Light." After that we may be serious or gay, quiet or uproarious. But, Sir, surely we can be uproarious without being ill-mannered, and surely we can introduce gaiety without ugliness? I will give two specific examples: there seems to be a growing "fashion" at Toc H meetings to interrupt a speaker by shouting "oy!", not to express disapproval, but simply as a sort of friendly gesture to the speaker. Doubtless this seems funny to some, but upon some of us it strikes a horribly jarring note of discord. We may be fussy, but there it is—we can't help it!

The other example is in the use of the word "Bloke," which seems to be employed wherever possible in Toc H, although it is surely one of the ugliest words with which our language has ever been afflicted! Why must we be blokes, when we could equally well be men, or fellows, or even chaps?

Both of these examples seem to indicate an attempt to introduce a hearty atmosphere into Toc H meetings, simply because it is felt that Toc H meetings ought to be hearty. The result is (for some of us) the feeling of an artificial and discordant atmosphere which is quite foreign to our ideas of Toc H. By all means let us be hearty, but let the heartiness develop spontaneously, and then we shall enjoy it with the rest!

It would be interesting to hear the views of others upon these slight criticisms.

Yours in Toc H,
(Dr.) G. M. TANNER.
Newton Abbot.

Toc H, Cambridge

DEAR EDITOR,

May we use the JOURNAL to appeal to those members and probationers of Toc H who are coming up to the University next term, to get into touch with Toc H, Cambridge? The opportunities of the University as a recruiting ground for Toc H, the World, are enormous; they can never be used to the full unless we have the close co-operation of men who are familiar with the workings of Branches and Groups. We very much hope that those concerned will make themselves known to us and be ready to play some part in the development of Toc H in Cambridge.

We shall be more than glad to hear from secretaries of units, who wish to put men in touch, or to meet anyone who looks us up on his own account.

Yours sincerely,
COLIN MARR,
168, Huntingdon Road.
FRED WELBOURN,
Emmanuel College.

Cambridge.

Miscellaneous Advertisements

VISITING YPRES? Capt. Leo Knox, late A.S.C., receives fellow members for 5/- per day. English food, quiet, 10% dis. to Toc H off tariff. SHANNON HOTEL, opposite Menin Gate.

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LATE NIGHT FINAL

THE intelligent reader has realised already that the Overseas News in the JOURNAL is necessarily incomplete. The following list is designed to encourage our readers to subscribe to at least one Overseas Journal, and so to complete their vision of the family.

Australia: *The Link*. Monthly, 3/6 per annum. Editor, 476, Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.

Malaya: *The Little Journal*. Monthly, what you can afford. Editor, S. G. Grant, 906, Maxwell Road, Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S.

India: *The Lamp*. Monthly, 5/- per annum. The Business Manager, "The Lamp," 2/2, Lansdown Road, Calcutta.

Ontario, Canada: *The Midnight Sun*. Monthly, \$1 per annum. Editor, 614, Huron Street, Toronto.

South Africa: *The Compass*. Monthly, 3/- per annum. The General Business Manager, P.O. Box 3624, Johannesburg.

South America: *The Mark*. Quarterly, \$3.00 Argentine paper per annum. Treasurer, Toc H Argentine, Mark I (S. America), Chacabuco 723, Buenos Aires, Argentine.

Orders for the above publications may be sent direct to the address quoted or to the Registrar, at Headquarters, 47, Francis Street, Westminster, London S.W.1.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From Australia

NEWS from Australia this month comes chiefly from the *Magpie*, the South Australian supplement to the *Link*. Five members from South Australia were sent on the two thousand mile journey to Sydney and back for the Australian Birthday Festival. On their return they were able to report that "we were a good family of Toc H there. Seeking the reason why, we concluded it was because we enjoyed a feeling of mutual trust. Because the other fellow was a Toc H man we assumed he was of a certain standard, and that other fellow took us on trust as well. There lies the job in front of Toc H—to spread the spirit of trust throughout the world."

Family life and jobs in this distant State are refreshingly varied. In the customary quest for a home of their own the *Grange* Group bought a plot of land on which they have dumped and remodelled old railway carriages as the first part of a scheme of completion which includes a large meeting room, library, quiet room and kitchen. Already the first and essential piece of furniture has been given—a piano.

As for jobs, *Glenelg* were drawn in to help search unsuccessfully for a boy missing from

Western Australia; *Port Adelaide* Group write plays lasting ten minutes for their guestnights, and do free haircutting for children in hospital, as do *St. Peter's* Group. The outlook for Christmas this year for children seems brighter; several units are beginning their preparations already, in the determined effort to make its cheer more widespread than ever. *Woodville* Group have been approached by their town council about building a Children's Playground on a vacant bit of land—their reply was terse and satisfactory. *Kilkenny* have had the honour of a visit from "Flynn of the Inland" (see July JOURNAL p. 304) and provide transport for a convalescent between home and hospital. One job done by a unit that shall win the prize of anonymity was in assisting a T.B. man who had fallen into arrears with his rates. The debt was commuted into labour and a member worked it off in a week.

Finally, from the country units come two stories. *Kimba* Group have lost their affections to a cow; they have built her a house; named her "Pansy" and intend to milk her to the strains of "Let the Bullgine Run." A member has taken his neighbour's sheep, (happily, with his permission) to market thirty miles away.

From Canada

WHEREVER the Royal Navy may go, a sure welcome from the nearest Toc H unit is to be depended upon. At Rio, Lagos, Naples or Trincomalee, to name but four stations, the sailor is eagerly received and entertained with football games and writing rooms, sightseeing and dances, and talks and drives, whist or bridge. In addition, what Toc H members there are aboard are given the opportunity to join in the job life of the unit, whether with lepers in Malaya or a boys' club in Ceylon. Thus is the family spirit proved when visitors are given the freedom of the family hearth and work to do about the home.

The most westerly unit of the family in Canada, the *Prince Rupert* Group, has quietly been about this hospitable task for two years for ships in Pacific waters. Last year H.M.S. *Dragon*, under the command of Captain Wake-Walker, spent a happy time there; this year the fame of Prince Rupert's welcome attracted H.M.S. *Danae*. Every day the Group's rooms were open to members of the ship's company, where letters could be written, games played, and a library used. Members took it in turn to play host throughout the day to visitors, having acquainted themselves beforehand with the duties of a courier and information bureau. To those

who had shore leave sleeping accommodation was offered. The number of men using these privileges were accepted by a very satisfactory number of guests. All these activities reached their climax in a public guest night attended by the Captain and Lieutenant Commander of H.M.S. *Danae* and the City Commissioner of Prince Rupert. Captain Knox-Little, being persuaded to speak, gave a brief review of

Toc H the World, mentioning that Toc H's work with the unemployed, and the proportion of it devoted to the younger generation in clubs and camps with educational and recreational facilities had impressed him deeply. As a charming tribute to that comradeship upon which Toc H is founded, Captain Knox-Little presented to the Group one of the ship's flags in black and amber.

From Shanghai

An outline of study for the especial use of Probationers in the Group has just come to hand from Shanghai, where there is a satisfactory influx of new blood and enthusiasm. An average of thirty men, of whom twelve are members, at the fortnightly meetings seems to be usual, in spite of summer maladies which lay many low temporarily. Among the jobs tackled by Shanghai is assistance at the Seamen's Mission, the ramifications of which job can only be expressed by a quotation from a member telling the Group how to set about it.

"Often you go down to the Mission and after being there for the evening, come away feeling that the time has been wasted. You have talked to one or two men and have handed round a few cups of coffee or tea and have watched them feed. I used to feel like that myself, and it was not until quite a considerable time afterwards that I realised that the time I spent at the mission was not wasted. The two men I talked to some months before came back when revisiting Shanghai to tell me that I had done much for them just by talking to them. Some people find it very difficult to talk to the men who follow the sea. Really it is one of the easiest things to do, and I think it would not be out of place if I gave a general idea how to make it easier for you.

"The first thing, of course, is to choose your victim, and it is quite a wise plan to pick on someone young. Having done that you go up and ask him from which ship he comes and what the other members of the crew are like, then ask him where the ship has been, and finally ask him where he comes from and what his family is doing.

"This generally starts him off, and all you have to do is to listen and to find with sur-

prise what a lot you have in common. The majority of men have something on their chests just waiting to be unburdened on to someone responsive. Sometimes they have family troubles, and quite often they are not very happy in their ships. In the second case you will find that it is generally their own fault; they have got the backs up of the other members of the crew by not being very considerate, and generally by pointing out their little mistake you can influence them to follow your advice. It is only when the men return that you discover that you have really done some good. They go to the Mission for the sole purpose of seeing you and telling you how things have fared with them since you took a little interest in them during their previous visit.

"Manning the launch is also a very important job. How well the job is done is often shown by the number of men you bring ashore with you. The main object of going out in the launch is to see that the *loadah* waits long enough at all ships to allow the men who wish to go ashore time to board the launch. As often as not, when there is no one on the launch, the *loadah* goes alongside a ship, blows his horn and, if no one appears immediately at the gangway, pushes off again. This very often happens, particularly on evenings that are hot and sticky or cold and wet. Therefore, it is the job of the man who goes in the launch to call on all ships. Sometimes ships berth in the afternoon without the Padre being able to go on board; then it is up to you to call and inform the crew what is happening at the Mission while announcing the time at which the launch will arrive to transport the shoregoing men. We require at least twelve men to work in pairs, one evening a week."

The Home Areas—From South Wales

Two things in South Wales defy description and evade definition—Toc H and Coal. Toc H has been spoken of as a body of men who are the custodians of a Spirit. Coal has in its keeping the sunshine of past ages. A release of an imprisoned splendour is essential to the true utility and value of both.

I am told that almost the first entrants into the Old House were men of Welsh Regiments. So few of them returned that the late arrival of Toc H in Wales is a matter of proud thanksgiving rather than petty regret.

The Welsh Coal Industry was a late arrival in the Industrial Revolution. No one anticipated how great it was destined to be; certainly not the burgesses of Swansea when they petitioned against the passing coal waggons because the vibrations set up turned the beer sour in their cellars—possibly the first instance of the rivalry 'twixt beer and work and an early expression of desired "Zones of Silence." Neither did the patient monks of Llanthony Abbey as they followed their coal-laden animals over the hills from Neath to Merthyr.

The writer is not sure whether Togo did tell the C.I.V. at Bunker's Hill to 'up Guards and at 'em!' Neither is it certain that the Welsh were once enjoined to 'stick it,' but he does opine that whatever "it" was, it would have been stuck by the Welsh with or without request or instruction. Like the folk of Aberdeen, the Welsh are regarded as being something other than themselves. The flash-in-the-pan, excitable, all-sentiment impression of the Welsh is not all true. In Industry, Art and Religion the Welsh 'stick it.'

Having taken to Toc H, the same quality, the old pertinacity, the doggedness that dug mines, the urge that took them all the world over, prevails. Their music being not the wail of a conquered nation but evidence of a something that is unconquerable. This isn't news you say? I suggest that to learn of men is the only news that matters. A catalogue of copper-catchings, chatter-squads,

and such like events would be too boring for words. Surface-searching for coal is almost ended in Wales—the shafts are getting deeper. Surface-scratching and superficial extension are not liked in Toc H. "We must go deeper if we would go further." Therefore, the mark of our progress in the period behind us has been a deepening of our understanding and resolve.

A solid attempt to grow out of a tendency to satisfaction with Group status is evidenced by the granting of Lamps of Maintenance to *Fishguard, Merthyr, Pontypridd, Resolven*. One new Group has been created, namely, *Pontycymmer*—the first in some virgin valleys behind and dependent on Port Talbot, to whom, thanks, and—do it again. The more or less usual activities have gone their customary way. The chief of which has been Camps for boys. Again Toc H in Gloucester came to our aid—75 boys to the glories of Cirencester, to say little of the effect of this deed upon the Family of Toc H in the mining villages from whence these laddies came.

Toc H in the Rhondda has grit beyond measure—they build towards a Guest Night with Cuthbert Bardsley as their victim! *Tredegar* and its neighbours welcomed Sawbones with fulness in more senses than one. *Llanharan* and the Mid-Glamorgan District were given by Bardie Olphert more than an indication of the value of Toc H beyond the immediate locality and time.

Hubert Secretan had a peep at us. To us inspiring; to him, we hope, not quite worthless.

Constant and convincing proof of the realness of Toc H in the lives of men is always evidenced by the readiness, "at almost no notice," to do a job. The writer is always being startled by the willingness to give up and to sacrifice time and convenience to help on the work in the Area—startled into gratitude for men who understand that "the obligation of their cause is upon them," men who are intent upon Building, not merely Bravely, but Blithesomely.

J. B.

From the South-Western Area

Since our last appearance in print we have had an almost complete charge of Area Staff. It was with deep concern that we learned of Raymond Jourdain's illness, which, in February, precipitated his withdrawal from active service. This was followed by the appointment of Joe Fox as Hon. Area Secretary. Then at Easter we lost our Area Padre, Norman Knock, who was transferred to the Yorkshire Area. This was a hard wrench, but we wish him God Speed, and all happiness in his new work. Then came the appointment of Frank Urwin (Rector of St. Edmund's, Exeter—the living of which is in the hands of Toc H) as temporary Area Padre (part-time), and now we welcome Kenneth Bloxam as Area Padre, and hope that, when he gets to know us, he will like us. Frank Urwin continues his work in the Area, we are glad to say.

We who live in the West Country have much to be thankful for, and not least for the fact that we have not felt the pinch of the 'economic depression' to nearly the same extent as many other Areas. This probably accounts for the fact that, speaking generally, the question of Area Finance has never been taken really seriously. It has, however, been fairly obvious that, considering our relatively fortunate position, we have not been really pulling our weight. In March, a committee was appointed to go into the question and to allocate to Units and Districts the quotas necessary to bring the contributions from Branches, Groups and Builders at least up to the minimum commitments. The results of its deliberations were discussed by all Districts and the response has been very encouraging; it is estimated that, if promises are kept, £300 of the £312 budgeted for will be raised!

From West Dorset comes news that *Bridport* have moved from their old haunts and are now installed in "The Loft," behind the Bull Hotel in East Street, which they have turned into a very cosy home. *Portland* have found a good job—running an Allotment Scheme—which has proved a great success. *Weymouth* have published and sold their

annual "Rag Mag," the proceeds from which go to the local hospital. Last year this realised £100.

Congratulations to *Bridgwater* on their promotion to Branch status. They have been working hard for four years as a Group, and have a fine record of service. During the summer they have had a standing camp at Holford, on the Quantocks, and every weekend has found several blokes under canvas. In June these 'regulars' organised a weekend camp for Executives—and a good show it was too! They thought of everything—even an early-morning cup of tea in bed! A second District Camp was held at the same spot in July.

Anyone who has visited *Taunton* will doubtless be familiar with the 'fug' created during the course of an evening by (a) the persistence of those present in the vice of smoking, and (b) the smallness of the room. Having given much thought to this matter the "brains" decided that the only practicable remedy was to employ the Branch's "brawn" in demolishing a wall and taking in the lobby, thus doubling the floor-space. This has now been done, and the "brains" express themselves satisfied with the result. Rumour has it that it was "turrible dry work!" *Wellington* has been catering for its open-air fiends by a number of out-door events during the summer. Noteworthy among them was a visit, in force, to Blackborough Home, and a week-end camp on the hills.

Since our last Despatch the former EAST DEVON DISTRICT has been split, and now *Exeter*, *Exmouth* and *Tiverton* form the EAST DEVON DISTRICT, while the Groups at *Brixham*, *Dawlish*, *Newton Abbot*, *Paignton*, *Teignmouth* and *Torquay* have gone to form the new TORBAY DISTRICT.

Tiverton, although still a happy family, are feeling strongly the need of a padre. A good job done there was the installation of a wireless set at the local Isolation Hospital. The Branch is looking forward to its Birthday Festival in October, at which Jim Burford is due to speak. *Exmouth* report that

contact has been established with *Budleigh Salterton*, which has supplied the Group with several probationers.

Newton Abbot is busy with preparations for the first Guest-night in the TORBAY DISTRICT, while at *Paignton* the outstanding event has been their recognition as a Branch, after four years Grouping. Their secretary says:—"Looking back over these four years, we see how we have profited by our failures, as well as by our successes. We found fellowship in our failures, gained experience through our mistakes and inspiration from our successes." Congratulations and good wishes for the future!

Good news comes from North Devon, where *Bideford*, *Lynton* and *Torrington* are making good progress, while the "Babes"—*Barnstaple* and *Combe Martin*—are already showing that they mean business. The former has now been granted Group status. There appears to be great scope for Toc H in North Devon, and the District Team is endeavouring to spread the idea to places where they know it will be welcomed. It is hoped to arrange a number of Guest-nights during the winter, and so to strengthen inter-unit activity, which means so much in the life of a District.

Sunday visiting at the local Casual Ward is one of *Barnstaple's* jobs, while the whole unit are busy on a timber scheme, through which they hope to distribute free logs during the winter. They are also hoping to assist with a Blood Transfusion Panel. *Torrington* report that at the end of last season two football matches were played with the local unemployed, who were afterwards invited to Group meetings, which they appeared to enjoy thoroughly. Some of them stuck, too, and are regarded as being promising material. The Group H.Q. has on several occasions been turned into a carpenter's shop in which toys and useful articles have been made, ready for distribution among the poor kiddies of the town. *Lynton* lament the departure of J. M. Courtney, their first secretary, now living in South Devon and acting as District Organiser in the Torbay District, and the impending loss of their Jobmaster to *Barnstaple*. *Combe Martin*, with two members

and seventeen probationers, hopes soon to apply for its Rushlight, and in the meantime is doing some good jobs, including sponsoring a Boys' Club and the distribution of periodicals and magazines to hospitals and poor people. Their report ends:—"We are making progress in the pleasant task of getting to know one another, and have had many excellent Toc H talks."

News of contact with the Navy comes from *Devonport*. One of the members acts as Naval Correspondent, his job being to keep in touch with any Navy men who make contact with Toc H while in port, and also to get to know when a ship calling at Devonport has Toc H men aboard. He reports that the Group will soon be making new friends from Overseas. *H.M.S. Berwick* is home from China, with two probationers and a Padre full member aboard, while *H.M.S. Delhi* and *Diamond* are due in with members and probationers. By arrangement between the Group and the local Scout Association, twelve Scouts, taken from the various troops in the town, were entertained for a week aboard *H.M.S. Barham*, as guests of Captain Rodney Scott, and they thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The Group found plenty of jobs while the Fleet was in, and also ran a special meeting which was attended by about two hundred and fifty—chiefly naval—and at which the Group Pilot spoke on "Toc H of To-day."

Plymouth's report says:—"We are looking forward to a really good winter session. Several new jobs are to be tackled, and preparations are being made for Paul Slessor's visit in October. Contact is being made in the District and we hope that this will eventually lead to a growth of Toc H in the vicinity of Plymouth." *Torpoint* are nearing the end of their first year as a Group and have been busy "finding their feet" and overcoming the minor difficulties which crop up inevitably in a young unit. They say:—"Our great aim at the moment is to find H.Q. of our own, and we hope to realise this ambition within the next few weeks. Then we intend to tackle the problem of helping the unemployed of the town to make some use of their time."

In West Cornwall, *Penzance* continues well up to the high standard of fellowship and service which they set themselves in their early days, despite the sad loss of one of their most active members, W. H. Bartlett, who has joined the Elder Brethren. Particular attention has been given to the problem of the slums, which remain a blemish—though, happily, a diminishing one—upon the face of this otherwise charming town. Members have also been interesting themselves in the work of the Missions to Seamen. Redruth, as a town, is emerging from the deep depression suffered for so long owing to the cessation of its staple industry—tin mining. The Group, however, remains a small one, although those comprising it are far from being faint-hearted—note as evidence their work of running a Boys' Club of forty. *Falmouth* attended to the annual job of helping to set going the Youth Hostels at Kennack and St. Mawes, and members keep an eye on the running of these flourishing establishments. They also organised a concert in aid of the hospital. It looked like being a frost, but turned out to be a great success. *Truro* have had what they term a Membership Spring-clean, and doubtless feel nice and

fresh in consequence. Which at once raises the subject of eggs, of which they have again collected almost astronomical quantities for the infirmary. A pleasant summer job with them is taking old folk to the seaside. *Perranporth* received their Rushlight in July and a good evening this was. This new Group has a good mixture of members, quite a lot of enthusiasm and a really attractive little bungalow for their H.Q. This building can sleep four or more and is fitted with a kitchen and various other comforts. The intention is to make the place available for members from other units who feel they would like a holiday at this bracing spot. For full particulars apply to the secretary. *Newquay* is another recent acquisition to the family in Cornwall. Here they received their Rushlight in the early spring and have been going well ever since. Lack of definite data prevents a more complete report of their actual doings but it can at least be recorded that they have accomplished the feat of producing a new Area Padre—Kenneth Bloxam.

Greetings to all units not mentioned in this Despatch. We admire their modesty, but at the same time shall hope to hear from them next time!

L. H. T.

